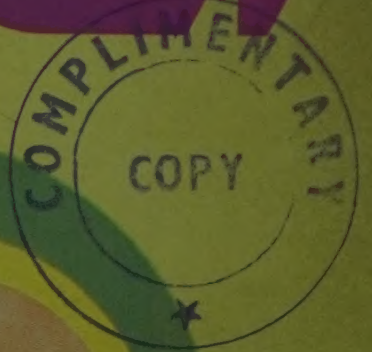


EVE'S WEEKLY

Joseph



ERN-DAY

NATE

EASY
TO
IOUS
ES

EN'S

ILY
SPAPERS:
URAGING
RESS

ITION?

A THEATR
WORKSHO
FOR
CHILDREN

GROW YOU
OWN
VEGETABL
BEGINNING
A SHORT
COURSE
IN
KITCHEN
GARDENING

SUICIDE
COUNSELL
A START
HAS BEEN
MADE

Her eyes speak
volumes
for her beauty...



her bindi adds
to her allure.

Shingar...made from the best ingredients in colours
to match your every mood...and dress.
Chosen by the most beautiful women in India.

 **Shingar** Kumkum Bindi—
India's most beautiful beauty spot.

Theorem:

Spotting a genuine Parle Krackjack biscuit is easier than drawing a perfect square.

Data: Being crisp, fresh and popular, Parle biscuits have many imitators.

To prove that: You can make a biscuit look like Parle, but you can't make it taste like one.

- Proof: a) The purchase test:
The first thing to remember:
Parle Krackjack are never sold loose. They come hygienically sealed in colourful packs, to retain their inimitable freshness.
- b) The package test:
It's easy to recognise the attractive Parle Krackjack biscuit pack on any shelf.
To make doubly sure, check out the name P-A-R-L-E on the pack.
- c) The taste test:
Take a bite of the biscuit.
Is it as crisp, as fresh, as you've always known Parle Krackjack to be?

Q.E.D.



PARLE Gluco PARLE MONACO PARLE Krackjack

Their sum total is the finest enjoyment in biscuits.

**Adorn your hands. Bejewel your ears.
But use Sunsilk for beautiful hair.**

Soft, silky, sunshine hair.
Sunsilk is more than just a shampoo—
it's your most important cosmetic.
Because only Sunsilk Shampoo
does so much to make you look and
feel your beautiful best.

And now the Sunsilk 'new look' range has
even more to offer: natural ingredients
that you know are good for your hair.

Whatever you do to the rest of you,
you can't be truly beautiful till you use
Sunsilk. Start now.

**sun
silk.***

A girl's most important cosmetic



Sunsilk's 'new look' range has a shampoo for every type of hair. Almond for normal hair. Lemon for greasy hair. Amla for dry hair. Egg Protein for dull, lifeless hair. Shikakai for delicate hair.

Cover :

TANUJA PATEL of Bangalore,

Runner-up, Miss Young India
(at the beauty contest organized
by Eve's Weekly in association
with Shri Ambica Mills).

Photograph : Taiyeb Badshah

CHAIRMAN &
MG. DIRECTOR
J. K. SOMANI

PUBLISHER &
CHIEF EXECUTIVE
J. C. JAIN

EDITOR
GULSHAN EWING

ASST. EDITOR
AMMU JOSEPH

CHIEF SUB EDITOR
K. S. RAO

SUB EDITORS
CHAKRESH JAIN
MALA VAISHNAV

ROSHAN BILLIMORIA
SHERNA GANDHY

ADVT. MANAGER
D. N. CHOPRA

ART DIRECTOR
RUSI DORABJEE

DESIGNERS
NARGIS CHAWLA VILOO PITHAWALA

STUDIO
TAIYEB BADSHAH

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER
B. K. SANIL

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
FOR THE PROPRIETORS:
EVE'S WEEKLY LTD., BY
J. C. JAIN
AT SANJ VARTAMAN PRESS,
BOMBAY SAMACHAR MARG,
FORT, BOMBAY 400 023.

CORRESPONDENTS

PUSHPA HANS
1-13, Lajpat Nagar 3, New Delhi-24.

TAPATI MOOKERJI
235/2, Acharya Jagadish Bose Rd.,
Calcutta-20.

S. J. KURUVILLA
163, Purasawalkam High Road,
Madras-10.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION
Inland Rs. 85.
Foreign Rs. 127 (Sea Mail)

THIS WEEK

THE GOLD RUSH

It is with fascinated horror that most of us have been watching the phenomenal rise in the price of gold over the recent months. The Indian obsession with gold is a well-known fact, and the current escalation in its price has not made an appreciable difference to jewellery-buying sprees. A look at this now literally priceless metal.

Page 10.



MAKE YOUR GARDEN GROW

Discover the pleasures — gastronomic, economic and other — of growing your own vegetables, and learn the art of kitchen gardening through our new feature — a short course in kitchen gardening.

Page 37.

COUNSELLING THE SUICIDE

They offer tea and sympathy — which might sound simple but in any city there are thousands of people who are in desperate need of such simple human contact.

Page 15.

THE WOMEN'S PAGE

The findings of a survey of women's sections in newspapers reveal traditional outlooks on the part of the editors and more progressive aspirations on the part of the readers.

Page 18.

ALSO

Fancy That! : A container for you to crochet — Page 21 Creative Photography: Ill — Page 27 Film Interview: Prem Kishen — Page 36 Banks Can Help — Page 41 Children's Theatre Workshop: A Report — Page 42 Women in Focus: Eva Lindemann, Krishna Mallik — Page 47.

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page/7, Readers' Voice/9, Beauty Bulletin/17, Passing Through/17, Human Interest Story/23, Fashion/24, Short Story/30, Comics/32, Cookery/33, Young Viewpoint/45, Hiya Honey/49, Quiz/49, Frankly Speaking/51, Answers to Quiz 8/51, People & Events/52, Horoscope/54.

The new Godrej PB

The first Indian typewriter to meet the world on the world's terms



All the while India was waiting for a world-class typewriter. Godrej has been working on it. And at last, we have a typewriter that represents a great technological leap forward. The new Godrej PB. With the light-as-air touch for effortless, speedy, efficient typing. Like no other typewriter you've seen before.

The Godrej PB has features that have been built in to improve every detail of the typewriter's function—ribbon movement, escapement mechanism, shift locking, alignment, spacing, carriage movement—and so forth. And design innovations that ensure sturdiness, efficiency and reliability. Supported by an expanded service network whose password is 'promptness'.

It takes a lot to make a world-class typewriter. The point is that Godrej has done it all.

The Godrej PB is also available with keyboards in Hindi and regional languages. For a full-colour illustrated folder, fill in and mail the coupon.

For a free demonstration, write to us on your company letterhead.

new *Godrej* **PB**

**The world-class typewriter with
a light-as-air touch.**

Rush the new Godrej PB illustrated folder.

Name: _____

Designation: _____

Company's Name: _____

Address: _____

GODREJ & Boyce Mfg. Co. Pvt. Ltd.
Marketing Department, Pirojsha Nagar,
Bombay 400 079.

YOUR PAGE

1st PRIZE

BREAKING THE SHACKLES

You have set the spotlight on women achievers and it is both gratifying and inspiring to read about them. However, what seems even more notable to me is that this spirit of independence and self-reliance is not confined to the upper echelons of society, but has permeated into its lower stratas and is helping to set up a new, much-needed set of values and norms. For years a devoted servant of mine looked after, fed and supported a drunken lout of a husband. All she got for her pains were abuse and ill-treatment. After much persuasion, she decided to take up a job in a distant city. She is much happier now and is able to put by something for herself, a thing she had never dared to before. My new servant's husband drank himself to death. Unlike the Sati-Savithris of yesteryear, she acknowledges that his death is no loss to her. She cheerfully undergoes privations to bring up her three daughters and does not envisage marriage for them as her aim or their goal.

Such women as these are great achievers, too. Their contributions are of even greater significance because it is only they who can completely and finally break the vicious stranglehold that customs, conventions and blind traditions have over woman-kind.

LEELA RAMASWAMY
Bangalore.

Actually, we feel it is the "upper echelons", steeped in their complexes and hang-ups, who find it difficult to assert themselves — though they may make a show of independence on the cocktail-party circuit. The "little woman", abused and ill-treated becomes far more spirited than her "enlightened" sisters

2nd PRIZE

DO-IT-YOURSELF!

It has been proved that vasectomy is, by far, the best method of family planning for the majority of Indian couples particularly of the middle and lower income brackets. Yet, due to the selfishness and callousness of the average Indian male, relatively few vasectomies are being done. Those that are done are mainly due to the incentives in cash and kind that are offered. Otherwise, even those men would leave it to their wives and other sexual partners to take whatever contraceptive precautions they could. "It's none of our business," seems to be the men's attitude. "Is it our fault that God made you female? It's up to you to avoid a pregnancy or get an abortion done whether it is safe or not. What's one woman more or less in this world? For that matter what's one more unwanted baby?"

However, let's not blame the men alone. Mothers always discourage their sons from opting for vasectomy — the precious darlings won't be able to do any strenuous work ever afterwards. And, indeed wives also suffer from this misconception and prefer risk to themselves rather than the slightest temporary discomfort to their "patidev".

All the family planning advice and explanations seem to go in through one ear and come out through the other!

PARVATHI MENON
Kerala

Well, compulsion did not work — and rightly so. But persuasion, motivation and education regarding sterilisation of the male must be pushed until we achieve the desired results. Men are only too quick to pass the buck or to women, knowing that the 'traditional doormats' will do their bidding.

3rd PRIZE

WHENCE GENIUS?

Many people hesitate to marry in a family where one child is not as brilliant as the others or has some abnormality which they fear could be hereditary. Why should parentage have any bearing on one's marriage? There is a risk in every single marriage. People are not a simple amalgam of their parents' and grandparents' characteristics. If they were, genius would beget genius and mediocre people would always have mediocre children. It doesn't happen like that. Dull couples sometimes produce brilliant children and sometimes one child in a hard-working honest family may turn out a waster. I have seen brilliant children in families with a history of insanity and idiots born to brilliant parents.

DORIS FREY
Bareilly

Where physical or mental abnormality is concerned, it is very difficult to convince people that heredity is not always the cause. These are individual decisions and we can be sure today's young people will not let such considerations affect their relationships.

LITTLE VILLAINS

The subject on which I am writing is an oft-repeated one: the influence of Indian films on the coming generation. I live opposite a Girls' School, and usually in the afternoons sit out in the verandah and watch the homeward bound girls chirping happily. One day, I was shocked to see three urchins of the age of about eight to ten years, waiting for the girls to come out. Seeing them they started clapping and mouthing obscene songs.

Then one stood up and in an attempt to copy Shatru started shouting "O Meri Rani", "Arre chamak challo", "O Phoolo Ki

dali". Another stopped him, made a villainish face and recited a menacing dialogue. The impatient third one came forward and unzipped his fly, which made me turn away my face with shame and disgust... and my eyes fell on my small daughter. I shivered at the thought of what the youth would be like by the time she grew up.

SUDHA MUNDRA, Patna

Well, older Roadside Romeos do this sort of thing, so why not the little ones. True, Hindi cinema has been guilty to a large extent. But do we as parents, do anything to save the children from being submerged by these influences? We have seen fond parents encouraging their little children to 'enact' Gabbar Singh and recite his dialogues making them repeat their 'clever' performances over and over again for the benefit of guests.

THE SECRET!

The Government may be unable to hold the price line, but there are any number of women who hold their figure line most admirably. Generally, there are beauty contests in which girls between 16 and 24 take part. I suggest that there should be beauty contests for the 40-plus and women who win should be called for an interview on T.V. to explain how they are able to maintain their figures. It is no use talking to doctors who only advise dieting and exercise, which everyone knows about.

DAYALDAS V. K.
Bombay

Whenever, and wherever, there is a Beauty Contest, people always say there are more beautiful women in the audience than there are on the stage! There is no doubt that a great many women over 40 are beautiful, well-preserved with excellent figures. Ask them what they do — nine times out of ten you'll find they have sensible food habits and a disciplined beauty routine.

**You pay a rupee for nutrition,
and get hardly 50-paise worth.**



Unless SIL steps in.



Over the days and days that so-called 'fresh' fruit and vegetables may take to travel from field to kitchen, they lose their freshness and most of their energy and vitamins.

Many times you must have found peas or bhendis hard when you pressed them. You pricked them with your nail . . . and no juice dribbled out. Definite signs of nutrient loss.

SIL steps in to secure for you the freshness and nutrition values which your family needs. Now you can enjoy the fresh vitality of peas, corn, tomatoes and fruits that haven't travelled even a few kilometres!

Because SIL's Farm-Fresh technology begins right where fruit and vegetables grow. SIL's new factory is 'planted' right amidst fertile gardens and orchards contracted to

SIL. Thereby enabling processing to start within minutes of plucking!

Yes . . . the plucking-time freshness and nutrient content. That's what SIL captures and seals... all of it. In the SIL can.

Press and prick these contents. Soft. Juicy. Freshness and nutritive value you can feel . . . and taste. As never before!

That's SIL. A professional rural cannery for you.



SIL

for plucking-time freshness

READERS' VOICE

Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us!

SUB-STANDARD HEARING AIDS

As the father of a child with hearing impairment, I fully agree with Leelavathy Patrick (Eve Today, December 1) that many of the hearing aids and other equipment made in India are sub-standard. Instead of taking steps to see that Indian-made items pass strict quality control tests, the government, I understand, has banned the import of foreign-made aids to promote the sale of "swadeshi" products. Hearing aids are not luxury items. Why should handicapped children suffer for the sake of political games? Before making decisions that will affect the handicapped, the government should consult people like Miss Patrick who are working with them.

S. KRISHNAMOORTHY, Trivandrum.

DRAMA IN REAL LIFE

This is to congratulate you and Mayah Balse for the Human Interest Story, "Fate Clipped His Wings" (December 8). I admire the courage of the couple who faced the tragedy so bravely. The apathy of the government is also deplorable. It is disgraceful that a person has to undergo all this for no fault of his and then not even get a token compensation for his suffering.

SHOBHA SALUNKE, Bangalore.

Ed. Note: Flt. Lt. P.V.R. Moorthy has received several letters from sympathetic readers.

WOMEN IN SPORT

This is with reference to the page titled, "Women in Sport" (December 8).

You say "Our sportswomen need and deserve more attention and encouragement than they get". Then, right underneath, you put the photograph of our Indian badminton girl, Ameeta Kulkarni at the end the article on the International Badminton Championships. What sort of "more attention and encouragement" is this? Are you plagued by the brown-colour-inferior spirit? Or are you one of those "just talkers"?

DR. ARUN KHANNA, Kanpur

INDIAN CHRISTIANS

On reading Sherna Gandhi's article, "Bombay's Westernised Catholics" (December 15) the first question that comes to mind is, "Why was it written at all?" — for it is full of half-truths with the Katherine Mayo touch. East Indians speak Marathi, Goans and Mangaloreans — Konkani, Indians — English. Other Christians speak Tamil, Bengali, Kannada and so on.

When one hears people castigating Christians for singing western pop songs one wonders what percentage of those who frequent night clubs etc. are Christians. Fortunately Usha Iyer is not a Christian — much less an Anglo-Indian — or she would have been singled out for caustic comment. Even Mother Teresa would be the last to claim sole credit for her work. She and her kind serve for the love of Christ.

By the time this letter appears in print, Christmas will have come and gone — a sugar-less Christmas. We are treated like second-class citizens despite the Government's talk about secularism.

E. T. FERNANDEZ, Secunderabad.

REALISTIC STORY

The story, "The Witness", by Nomita Grover (December 22) was very interesting. What an easy and fool-proof method the writer has presented for eliminating unwanted persons! Considering that my mother-in-law is the nicest person I have met, I have no cause to fear. But what about the many who are under the daughter-in-law versus mother-in-law syndrome?

ROSHNI EDWARD, Hyderabad

NEXT WEEK

ISSUE OF FEBRUARY 16

VIOLENCE IN MARRIAGE

Wife-beating is considered such a personal affair that everyone involved — husband, wife, police, courts — hesitate to act on the crime. However, many victims are now coming out, saying they are beaten by their husbands, and looking for alternative lives.

HUSBANDS AS VICTIMS

What about husband-beating? Does it exist? Yes, says a recent survey done in the U.S. But the findings of the study must be interpreted realistically.

CHILDREN AND THE CREATIVE EXPERIENCE

Children today are more exposed than ever to the mass media. A look at what these media offer to children and what they could offer.

THOSE ROMANTIC LATINS!

The ancient Latin American art of 'piropos' is slowly dying, along with the age of chivalry and damsels in distress. A pity? Or a blessing? Decide for yourself.

Men may come and men may go, but gold remains, impervious to the ravages of time, as nothing else on earth can. Immortal, indestructible, malleable and yet bewitchingly beautiful, the glitter of gold never dulls. From the mythological times of goddess Lakshmi, Indians have worshipped the eternal and imperishable quality of gold, and bought gold, safe in the knowledge that when they perish, their children will find security in this untarnishable metal, which has from time immemorial been considered the best known hedge against inflation.

While the value of the rupee steadily declines — the rupee today buys less than what two annas (12 p) bought before Independence—gold fetches almost ten times the price it fetched 10 years ago. Whereas gold in 1968 sold for Rs. 150 per ten grams, in 1979 it sold for about Rs. 1100 per ten grams and the current price (in early 1980) is Rs. 1900. Its inflation beating qualities are in no way diminished by the charges of working gold into ornaments, which range from Rs. 40 to 60 per ten grams.

The age old Indian instinct to



IN GOLD WE TRUST

hoard gold accounts for the 4500 tons of gold believed to be in private hands. India ranks second after France in private hoards and is one of the few countries where national reserves — a mere 400 tons — are far less than that possessed by the population. Indeed, this is a mere pittance compared to the 58,000 tons believed to have been mined so far.

South Africa, proud possessor of vast gold fields, is the world's largest producer of gold, accounting for 50 per cent, of the world's output. Next is the Soviet Union, 21 per cent, followed by Canada — 4 per cent, the U.S. — 3 per cent, and Papua New Guinea — 2 per cent. While governments of these countries and other powerful nations felt the importance of maintaining sizable gold reserves, their citizens have not been as avid gold hoarders as we Indians.

Consider Muniammal, a poor domestic servant with a monthly wage of Rs. 60 per month. She wears an outlandishly huge gold nose ring when her husband is employed, and pawns it when times are bad, and he is out of work. When it was pointed out that she could have bought

AS A STATUS SYMBOL, AS A HEDGE AGAINST INFLATION, AS AN OBJECT OF WORSHIP FOR ITS OWN SAKE, GOLD HAS OBSESSED US FOR CENTURIES. IN SPITE OF BEING A "POOR" COUNTRY INDIA HAS THE SECOND LARGEST PRIVATE HOARD OF GOLD IN THE WORLD

Preeth I. Biddapa

something useful with the amount of money she spent redeeming it time after time from the money lender, she laughed.

"But I need something which can pawn easily when I'm in urgent need for money to feed my family" she said.

The urge to invest saving in the tangible form of gold has been an almost hereditary trait among Indians, poor and rich, which becomes most pronounced during weddings when parents want to see their offspring settle into a new life with gold as their reassuring comparison.

"Four gold bangles, a four-tola necklace, a pair of earrings, and a ring, are a must for a bride," said Mr. Prakash Pethe of Vaman Hari Pethe of Girgaum, whose firm has been catering to customers' requirements for three generations. "A clerk in an office,"

he said, "would consider it imperative to provide his daughter with these basic essentials for marriage." Loan sharks and moneylenders thrive on this custom that compels a man to beg, borrow or pawn to fulfil his social obligations.

"Thank God my parents provided me enough jewellery to pass on to my daughters when they get married," said Priya, wife of a white collar worker. "My husband and I need not go bankrupt buying ornaments at the present high price."

Ratna, wife of a prosperous businessman, however, bought as much gold this Diwali as she did last year. "It (gold) is the embodiment of Lakshmi and prosperity. I can't imagine Diwali without its auspicious custom of buying gold ornaments." When asked if the high price was not a

detrant she said thoughtfully, "I might as well buy as much gold as I can when I am able to. Who knows, the way the price is rising, it might be out of my reach soon!"

Naseem, wealthy as she was, refused to consider buying gold jewellery at the present prohibitive price. "The type of gold ornaments I want will cost so much, I might as well buy diamonds instead," she said. "They are bound to appreciate faster in value."

The sentiment that diamonds are an investor's best friend is echoed by Mr. Natubhai Zaveri of Tribhovandas Bhimji Zaveri, who emphasised that gold was the best form of investment after diamonds. Gold, however, had an universal appeal. According to him, "Gold has been a tradition with our people. Look at the number of people buying gold in-

pite of the high price," he said waving his hands around and switching on the different panels of his T.V. which showed crowds of shoppers rubbing shoulders in his plush air-conditioned showroom, under the quiet surveillance of closed circuit T.V. and the armed guard at the entrance.

"People like to call gold a dead investment," says Mr. Prakash Pethe, "but those who have steadily invested in gold over the years are much better off financially than those who invested in fixed deposits or shares.

The steep rise in gold prices has not curbed the Indian enthusiasm for the yellow metal. Despite restrictive legislation, the Indian demand for gold, estimated at 85 to 90 tons per year, has, until very recently, kept the Indian price of gold much higher than the international rate. Since India



LEFT: For poor and rich alike gold ornaments for the bride spell future security.

RIGHT AND BELOW: The insatiable demand for gold has made gold smuggling a highly lucrative activity.



produces negligible amounts of gold from her Kolar Gold Fields in Karnataka, the only one operable now, most of the internal demand is catered for by the international market.

Until 1963, when Morarji Desai's Gold Control Rules were enacted, the government lost almost 40 crores worth of foreign exchange by way of payments for import of gold. Noting with concern the flight of foreign exchange from our coffers, the government sought to suppress the insatiable Indian demand for gold by the Gold Control Rules, which prohibited the sale of gold ornaments which were of more than 14-carat purity. Citizens were asked to surrender primary forms of gold (sovereigns, biscuits, bars) in their possession in exchange for Gold Bonds which were redeemable in 1980 at the market price of gold. These bonds carried a 7 per cent interest. In 1965, National Defence Gold Bonds carrying 6½ per cent interest were issued. These were redeemable for gold of standard purity at maturity.

FAILURE OF THE GOLD CONTROL RULES

The unpopular Gold Control Rules had the adverse effect of robbing skilled artisans of their livelihood, because of the near negligible demand for 14-carat jewellery in a country that tradi-

tionally sets great store by 22-carat jewellery. Many artisans were believed to have committed suicide, and countless goldsmiths and jewellers shops closed down. Since the demand for 22-carat ornaments remained unabated, smugglers found a lucrative market in India, especially because the heavy demand made it possible to reap huge profits from the large difference that existed between Indian and international prices. Whereas the international price ruled steadily at 35 dollars an ounce until 1971, the Indian price rose steadily, making it possible for smugglers to gain profits of Rs. 200 per ten grams — or Rs. 2 crores per tonne.

THE GOLD CONTROL ACT OF 1968

Finding the Gold Control Rules ineffective, the Government repealed the 14-carat rule in 1966, making it possible for citizens to legally possess 22-carat jewellery. The Gold Control Act of 1968 however, prohibits the possession of gold in its primary form (sovereigns, biscuits, bars) and limits individuals to two kilos of gold ornaments, families to four kilos, and minors to 800 grams. Possession of larger quantities has to be declared before the Central Excise authorities. This Act supposedly passed with the laudable aim of catering to the "economic and financial interests of the community," in fact only regulated transactions between bullion dealers, artisans and consumers. It did not restrain the persistent demand for more gold, and smuggling continued. In 1977, with the Janata Government in power, it was felt that something should be done to bring down the high price of gold in India, and thereby curb smuggling, as smuggling was attributed to the enormous gap between the low international price and the high Indian rate.

GOLD AUCTIONS

The Reserve Bank of India was therefore empowered to hold a series of bi-monthly auctions at which national stocks of gold were sold so as to make it available at a reasonable price to the public. Bidders who had to be licensed gold dealers or certified goldsmiths submitted sealed tenders specifying the amount of gold they wanted to buy, and the price per 10 grams, at which they were willing to buy the gold. The RBI fixed a minimum reserve below which gold could not be sold to bidders. The maximum amount that could be bid for was 5000 grams (5 kilos) and the minimum 100 grams (1 kilo).

Since these were large quantities involving huge sums of mo-

Let your ears make up your mind!

HMV STEREO POPULAR II



Unique speaker enclosure design, rich rosewood throughout with contrasting silver trims, tinted perspex lid and mod control knobs make this set instantly appealing. No mini speakers in plastic enclosures or light weight components. Not a portable toy. A real stereo.

5 watts stereo power. Separate controls for balance, tone and volume, with a tape-out

DIN socket

Price Rs. 1,068/-*

HMV STEREO 1010



Your deluxe stereo system at a down-to-earth price. A totally integrated unit, with amplifier and speakers perfectly balanced and pre-matched.

12 watts stereo power. Separate controls for balance, treble, bass and volume with tape in/out facility. Special 'Auto stop'. Rich teakwood finish.

Price Rs. 1,484/-*

*Maximum recommended retail price, taxes extra.

Today, over 750,000 happy customers of HMV electronic sound systems are your guarantee of satisfaction.



His Master's Voice

We know how to make sound sound best



HMV STEREO SYSTEMS

ney, it defeated the very purpose of making gold easily available at a reasonable price to the common man, as only big time dealers in bullion could afford to submit tenders and thereby corner most of the gold for themselves. As sale of primary gold was prohibited, these bullion dealers often hastily crafted crude ornaments for the purpose of reselling the gold bought at auctions, thereby circumventing the law and benefiting themselves by selling at a profit in the open market.

Further, since the international price of gold kept rising sharply after the commencement of the gold auctions, the avowed objective of the government to bring down local prices was unattainable as government, after buying gold at higher prices in the international market, had to keep raising its reserve price at its auctions in order to make a profit out of its international transactions. This, along with the unsuppressed, inelastic local demand which required much more gold than the government could sell at auctions, continued to keep Indian prices of gold per 10 grams, an average of Rs. 200 higher than the international price throughout the period of gold auctions. Smugglers, encouraged by the



Intricately made gold jewellery is an Indian speciality, crafted by artisans whose skill has been handed down through generations.

unchecked price disparities between Indian and international prices, continued their nefarious trade.

Thirteen tons of gold were sold by the RBI for a sum of Rs. 87 crores at the 14 auctions held. When compared to the estimated annual demand of Rs. 85-90 tons, it was just like feeding a thirsty pachyderm a drop of water! The government was compelled to stop auctions and admit the futility and shortsightedness of a policy that failed to stop the smuggling of gold.

The sudden spurt from \$169 at the end of April 1978, just before the first auction to \$240 at the end of the year just after the last auction in October, was due to diverse factors, the outstanding ones being the oil crisis and the galloping inflation that beset the U.S. economy, which triggered off a worldwide crises of confidence in the dollar.

THE DOLLAR AND GOLD CONNECTION

The U.S. had emerged as the strongest economy after World War II which had devastated most of the world into a state of near bankruptcy. Consequently, its currency, the dollar occupied pride of place and was easily acceptable all over the world as sound money.

Continued on page 46

EXODUS OF ARTISANS

Pure gold of the 24 and 22 carat variety has fascinated us as proved by the disastrous failure of the Gold Control Rules of 1963 which sought to suppress demand by permitting sales of only 14 carat purity. While 24 carat gold is too soft to be worked with, 22 carat for gold ornaments has remained the traditionally acceptable purity. However 22 carat gold can only be handcrafted into ornaments. Indian artisans — there are about 200,000 in India — are master craftsmen. Intricately woven gold jewellery in its finest form is available only in India. It is a skill that has for thousands of years been handed down from father to son, and has evolved into perfection.

Machine made gold ornaments rarely executed in India, but common abroad, are much cheaper because of the higher content of the alloy in the gold used, — 9 carat or 12 or 14 carat — and also because less labour is involved. The alloys contain eit-

her copper, cadmium or silver. No other country enjoys the skills of artisans and hand crafted ornaments as India does.

Of late, Indian gold ornaments have entranced oil sheikhs and possessors of new found oil wealth in the Gulf and the Middle East who along with the rising demand for Indian style ornaments, from the thousands of Indians settled there, have enticed away almost 2000 artisans. This has resulted in acute shortage of skilled and talented artisans in India. The price an artisan commands can range from Rs. 1500 to Rs. 2000 a month, yet many leave for greener pastures abroad.

A noted jeweller bemoaned the fact that whereas in his grandfather's time most of his artisans or 95 per cent of them worked full time with him, today 95 per cent of the orders were crafted by artisans who worked independently, on a "piece basis." He said it required tedious

procedures of weighing the gold supplied to the artisans, and re-weighing it when it was brought in the finished form. He wished graduates who were unemployed, would answer his advertisements for apprenticeship to the trade, but not many cared to work with their hands, he said ruefully.

Women craftsmen are rare if not totally non-existent. Generations of artisans have worked with Tribhovandas Bhimji Zaveri. According to Mr. Natubhai Zaveri, his women customers were his best designers as their valuable suggestions were often used, though he had two women designers in his employ.

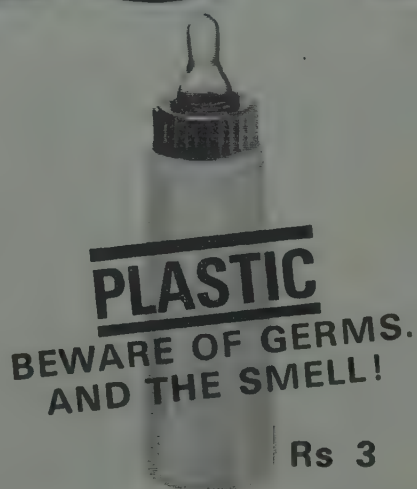
Unlike Greece and Italy, who were quick to cash in on the huge Middle Eastern demand for gold jewellery the Indian Government in spite of enquiries for superior hand crafted Indian ornaments, acted late. Unable to meet the domestic demand for gold, goldsmiths were hard put to procure the raw material, gold, for crafting jewellery for export. Finally when the government did realise the need for

supplying genuine exporters of gold jewellery, it launched its program of selling gold on a no profit no loss scheme through the RBI, which bought gold in the international market. However it is frustrating to find that recent Indian exports of ornaments have been so crudely crafted as to raise doubts and angry responses from foreign buyers. Strange as this appears in a land famed for its intricate craftsmanship, the reasons for sub-standard work may be attributed to the fact that exporters in their haste to capture the export market, were not too careful about meeting quality requirements of buyers.

The major problems facing the gold industry — smuggling in of gold and the flight of artisans can be tackled only by a fresh appraisal of the Gold Control Act against the background of the ever increasing demand for gold in the form of traditionally beautiful handcrafted jewellery.

P. I. B.

CAUTION!



For their children's health and safety, mothers abroad rely on an alternative which is totally safe. Now, you can too!

Clearlite's Babycare Feeding Bottle, made from imported Polycarbonate. Unbreakable, boilable, totally hygienic. And odourless too.

Some plastic feeding bottles lose shape, when boiled to make them germ-free. Others have a smell that puts babies off their feed.

As for glass feeding bottles, don't let that seemingly low price fool you! The cost mounts up—because you could break six or more bottles per baby. Besides, broken glass is a safety hazard.

Take Clearlite's Babycare Polycarbonate Feeding Bottle. It doesn't suffer from any of the drawbacks of plastic or glass: it is odourless, can be boiled repeatedly and what's more, doesn't break even when dropped from the second floor. You could hand it down from baby to baby!

That's Babycare. Crystal clear, light as a feather and tapered in shape for your baby's tiny hands to hold.

Babycare—Your baby. Our care.



Polycarbonate Feeding Bottle

Expensive, but worth every paisa as you will discover. If your nearest store or chemist doesn't stock it, ask him why! After all, you need it for your baby.

Available in several shapes and sizes.

**Suggested retail price. Local taxes extra.*



Rs. 9*

Rs. 14*

Trade enquiries should be addressed to: North: J L Morison, Son & Jones (India) Ltd, P. O. Box No 7029, 1 Ansari Road, Daryaganj, Delhi 110 002. East: J L Morison, Son & Jones (India) Ltd., 22 Chitaranjan Avenue, Calcutta 700 072. West & South: Clearlite Containers, General Chemical Compound, Off Aarey Road, Goregaon (E), Bombay 400 063. Bombay: Shreeji Enterprises, Sharda Chawl, Topiwala Lane, Lamington Road, Bombay 400 007.

SANJIVINI: a sympathetic listener

PEOPLE WHO ARE UNABLE TO
COMMUNICATE THEIR LONELINESS OR
DEPRESSION FIND SOLACE IN THIS VOLUNTARY
ORGANISATION WHERE COUNSELLING IS
PROVIDED FREE

Subhadra Sen Gupta

To put it in very prosaic terms, what they offer at Sanjivini is tea and sympathy. It sounds very simple and easy, but in any Indian city there are thousands who are in severe need of such simple human contact. For people facing an emotional crisis, at Sanjivini there is acceptance, encouragement, understanding and a sympathetic ear.

In a society where the premium is on the ability to talk, where the gift of the gab is an indicator of success, not many have the inclination to listen. The people at Sanjivini listen without any pre-conceived values or judgements, offering "instant friendship" to a stranger in distress, giving the emotional support to help him or her to see the way forward. They interact in very matter-of-fact terms as one human being trying to help another. Chad Varah, the founder of the Samaritans, calls it "befriending."

Kiran Sharma, the founder of Sanjivini, has a master's degree in social work and has worked with handicapped people, problem children, and done a project on TB in a village near Delhi. She also studied at the National Institute of Medical Health and Neuro Sciences in Bangalore.

In 1976, when she was still unsure of how to pursue her career, Chad Varah came to Delhi and lectured on the work the Samaritans do in suicide prevention and counselling. Kiran was thus inspired to start a similar society in Delhi. With no funds in the beginning, the publicity was primarily through word of mouth until one newspaper featured them. The response was overwhelming. In the first seven months three training programmes were held for volunteers. Starting with a small room given free by the Gandhi Peace Foundation, they have progressed to their own spacious quarters with forty volunteers.

Nearly 700 people have come for help since 1976. They are people unable to communicate their loneliness, depression and distress because of a feeling of guilt and shame, reacting to the stigma attached to a mental crisis. Without proper counselling they could become progressively more desperate and finally face a breakdown or attempt suicide.

Sanjivini calls itself a Crisis Intervention Centre. It intervenes in such crises arising from depression, marital disharmony, loneliness, alcoholism, family and social maladjustment, sexual inadequacies, drug addiction and delinquency.

Looking at the data on the clients, one immediately notices a major paradox. Out of the 686 clients, 502 were men, while only 184 were women. As the volunteers explain it, a mental crisis in a woman is still something to be hidden, that could be a disgrace to a family.

Women from every age group find it difficult to seek help. For the young girl it's the possibility of marring her chances of marriage. For older women it's the difficulty of explaining to their spouses, to find the time in between the demands of the family, lack of privacy and, most of all, the pressure of Indian society on such women to keep their pain to themselves, bend under pressure, suffer without protest. They are expected to put everything before themselves.

Sanjivini is a completely voluntary organisation and the counselling is provided free. The volunteers come from every age group and strata of society. They are not professional psychiatrists but carefully picked laymen trained in counselling. Whenever necessary, clients are referred to appropriate professionals, hospitals and welfare institutions. The counselling is done either by meeting the clients at their office, by talking to them on the telephone, and through correspondence. They have been receiving letters from remote corners of India.

The atmosphere at Sanjivini is relaxed, informal, non-clinical and therefore reassuring. From 10 a.m. to 7.30 p.m. at least three volunteers are on duty. Every client first talks to a senior volunteer who discusses the nature of the client's distress. Then the client is referred to the suitable volunteer according to language, background, sex and nature of problem. The client talks to the volunteer in complete privacy where confidentiality and anonymity are assured.

One senior volunteer, Vatsala,

who counsels people with marital problems, feels that most couples only come when their relationship reaches a complete breakdown. Because of their shyness at asking for outside help, the women suffer as much as they can bear and often more. They only seek help when facing the possibility of divorce, separation or a nervous breakdown. At such a juncture, the counselling has to be more in the nature of a crisis intervention than marriage counselling. Usually the couples are first counselled separately and then made to talk out their differences together.

In one typical case, a wife, after five years of marriage, left to stay with her parents. She had been ill-treated, taken for granted and even beaten. There was a complete lack of communication between husband and wife. The husband had seen his own father treat his mother in a similar fashion, and for him it was inexplicable that his wife should find it so hard to take. When he came to Sanjivini, his attitude was that they should counsel his wife to make her realize her mistake! It took weeks of counselling to make him realize that he was at fault. He admitted his mistakes and wanted to start again. Though his wife has so far refused to go back, he is still trying.

As Vatsala clarifies at Sanjivini they are not there to patch up a marriage. Through dealing situation by situation, with every complaint of the partners, a counsellor tries to help them understand the reasons behind the discord so that they can choose what is best for them. The decision is completely theirs. The counsellor will not take sides or insist on any particular conclusion.

Younger girls come after dis-appointment in love. In one case, an 18-year-old girl had been meeting a boy in secret. When her parents came to know and out pressure on them, the boy

refused to marry her. Her resentment was magnified as they had already become lovers, and she had been extremely confident of him. She was the youngest child, her parents were much older, her friends were married and she had no one to help her through the traumatic experience. She was depressed, lethargic, dropped out of college and seriously contemplated suicide. It took six months to make her realize that she had committed no sin and that at eighteen she could start again.

The working woman faces slightly different problems. The maximum pressure is felt by working women of the lower middle classes. On one hand they are expected to earn money, while on the other the family insists on their keeping every family obligation. It's extremely tough for them coping with work, home and children, with no allowances made. Technically they are independent, but actually only in the sense that they work. Their life is restricted to the office and home. Yet these desperately unhappy women find it the hardest to come for help.

Working women of the more affluent classes with better paid jobs face a conflict because of a confusion in roles in their marriages. They are frequently aggressive, tensely conscious of their status, over playing their roles as independent women with a separate identity. They demand equality while still unsure of what they want, half expecting the men to still be the undisputed head of the family.

The marital problems are usually because of in-laws, infidelity, personality conflicts, sexual maladjustments, alcoholism, impending separation or divorce. Mothers come with disturbed children. The younger generation faces the pressures of growing up, of looking for jobs, of getting married, drug addiction, sexual inadequacies. Older people face bereavement, disability and loneliness. Among girls, unwanted pregnancies lead to stress, and Sanjivini, after referring such girls to the proper institutions, continues counselling to make them adjust.

Sanjivini is now open all day at its new office (First Floor, 'H' Block North, Defence Colony Flvover Shopping Complex, New Delhi-110024) and can also be reached on the telephone—number 611918. Sanjivini is trying very hard to reach those sections of society which haven't responded well so far, especially the women.

Guess which cooking oil Mary Ann of Atlanta (US) uses for the sake of her family's health and budget?

We'll give you a hint. It's one of the edible oils in vanaspati.

Right.

Refined cottonseed oil.

That's the one.

Healthy, nutritious.

Refined cottonseed oil is rich in poly-unsaturated fats. Your family doctor will tell you, these unsaturated fats are healthier for the heart because they help prevent coronary arteries from hardening (arteriosclerosis, the most common type of heart trouble).

See how much better off your family is with refined cottonseed oil.

No barrier to taste.

Refined cottonseed oil is golden yellow: you can be sure it's pure at a glance. Its quality has to measure up to the same standards that other edible oils have to satisfy, you see. Also, its taste is bland and there is no odour. So, all the flavour of your cooking stays intact. It even

saves food from rancidity much longer than other cooking media.

Economical.

As compared to (say) groundnut oil, refined cottonseed oil is less expensive. Using it in your kitchen can ease the strain on your household budget because you need to use less of refined cottonseed oil in cooking, even for deep-frying. (And don't forget the medical bills it may save you.)

Get to know more. Free facts.

American and Egyptian housewives are already convinced about all these benefits refined cottonseed oil brings. They use it daily for cooking.

Cooking medium	Approx. % of poly-unsaturated fats
Ghee	nil
Vanaspati	1.9
Coconut oil	2.5
Butter	3.6
Mustard oil	18.1
Groundnut oil	26.0
Til oil	37.7
Refined cottonseed oil	47.8

Should you lag behind? Get hold of full facts on this sensible cooking medium. They're yours free, if you fill and send this coupon to us. Now.

Clip, fill and post now

All India Cottonseed Crushers' Association,
Khetan Bhavan, Jamshedji Tata Road, Bombay 400 020.

Yes! I want to know more about the sensible cooking medium. Please rush me, free of cost and without obligation, the colourful fact-packed folder, "Refined cottonseed oil makes sense".

Please tick language wanted:

☐ English ☐ Hindi ☐ Marathi
☐ Gujarati ☐ Telugu ☐ Kannada

My name _____

My address _____

_____ (Pin code) _____

We are a family of _____ adults and _____ children.

We are ☐ vegetarians ☐ non-vegetarians.

At present, we use _____ as the main cooking medium.

aicosca

All India Cottonseed Crushers' Association

EW

BEAUTY BULLETIN

FOR FIRM HIPs

I have flabby hips and when I go swimming or wear tight jeans, they appear unsightly. Please suggest some exercises to firm them. I am 22.

P.K. (Bombay)

Try these exercises and do them regularly. But these should be combined with a sensible reducing diet.

1. Lie down straight on your stomach, elbows bent and close to the sides of the body. Keeping knees straight, lift left leg and move it up as high as you can, then bring down in short brisk movement. Do with the other leg. Repeat 10 times.

2. Stand with hands on hips. Raise your right knee forward, keeping toes pointed. Then extend it straight back. Repeat six times with each leg.

WAXING UNWANTED HAIR



HEAVY LOWER LIP

I have attractive features and a smooth complexion. But I have a heavy lower lip. Can I make it appear less prominent by using lipstick correctly?

D. B. (Hyderabad)

Yes, you can camouflage your heavy lower lip with the deft use of lipstick. Smooth on your foundation just over the lower edge of the lip and powder. Then draw an outline using a lip brush slightly inside the edge, to make the lip seem narrower. Fill in with colour from the tube. Blot gently.

HAIR ON HANDS

I have quite a thick growth of hair on my hands. I have had them waxed once at a salon. I want to do this at home. How is waxing done?

A. K. (Pune)

Since you have had your hands waxed at a salon, you have some idea of how it is done.

Warm wax in a container and spread it evenly with a wooden spatula on the area to be defuz-

zed. Then place a strip of gauze or any thin material over it and press lightly. Let the wax harden on the skin. Now pull the strip against the direction of the hair growth in one swift movement. The hair will come off with the roots.

While you are waxing, keep the container in a bowl of hot water to prevent the wax from hardening.

HOME-MADE ASTRINGENT

I have an oily skin and want to use a home-made astringent for this. Please tell me how to prepare this.

Z. N. (Calcutta)

Extract juice from a few lettuce leaves and to this add equal quantity of lemon juice and rose water. Mix well. Lemon juice can also be used as an astringent.

Juice extracted from mint leaves also serves the same purpose. Apply on the face and neck and rinse well after half an hour. This is an effective remedy to get rid of pimples and blemishes too.

PASSING THROUGH

Madame Genevieve Dournon, curator of the ethnographic musical section of a famous museum in Paris, has come to India to record the folk music of Chhatisgarh and particularly the music of the tribals of Bastar. Madame Dournon is not new to India. This was her third visit. In her previous visits she recorded the music and folk songs of Rajasthan for the tape-library of her museum. She has published three LP's, viz. "Love and devotional songs of Rajasthan", "Professional folk musicians of Rajasthan", and "Folk music of the desert". The last LP received the French "Grand Prix" award. Madame Dournon has also recorded the music of the pygmies of Africa, and the music of some other countries. She is not a musician herself, but because of her long experience of working in recording ethnographic music, she has developed a great insight into the subject. She is a trained anthropologist and that helps her to approach the people and the subject in the right way.

In her recording work Mme. Dournon is being helped by Mr.

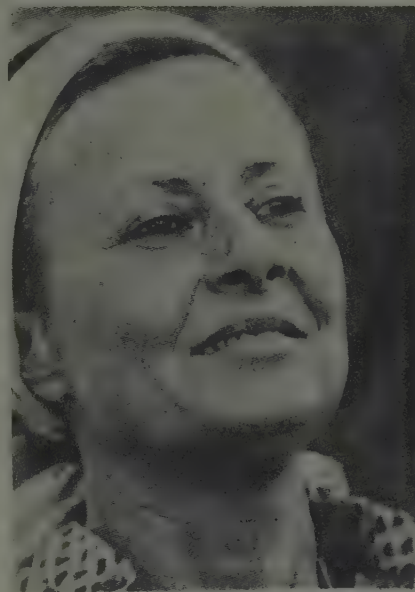
GENEVIEVE DOURNON

RECORDING OUR HERITAGE

Niranjan Mahawar, who has, for the past fifteen years, been using his own resources for recording tribal art and music.

They started their work in Raipur, the heart of Chhatisgarh. A musical instrument used in this region is the "Bansgeet" — a long three-foot bamboo flute played by the Rauts accompanied by folk singers of the same community. A nomadic tribe of this area called the Dewar, are musicians by profession; their girls are good singers and dancers and their menfolk play the "chikara" and "dholak."

In Chherikhedi village she saw the "panthi naach" performed — a devotional dance accompanied



by devotional songs of the Satnamis, which she recorded.

In Narainpur she stayed two weeks to record "Ghotul" music, the music of the Muria tribe. The Murias are a romantic, gay and lively people. The Ghotul is an institution of this tribe where the teenagers learn to live democratically. Unmarried boys and girls get together in the evening and spend the time dancing, singing and talking together and they sleep there as well.

The Ghotul songs are in the romantic and religious tradition. The people sing about their day to day life, devotional prayers to deities, romantic experiences. In

these songs is preserved the way of life of a primitive people and their culture which is very different from more sophisticated urban cultures which have achieved so much but which have, perhaps, lost something of the pure and innocent outlook of a more elemental society.

Mme. Dournon said that the music of the Ghotul was a way of life with these tribals. When asked about the folk songs of her country, Mme. Dournon said regretfully, "We had beautiful folk songs and folk music before the two world wars. But now everything has been destroyed and we are trying hard to resurrect our great heritage. You people are lucky that so much is still safe and intact of your culture."

She supported Mr. Mahawar's opinion that there is a great danger to our culture from technology and modern civilization. She said that it is not always possible to preserve a culture, so it should be recorded for the benefit of future generations. Museums perform this function — they do not just preserve, but keep records of the past.

About the folk songs she was so interested in recording she said, "If you translate a folk song, you will usually find a beautiful love poem."

Sudhir Saxena

be a matter of great pleasure him—and Mr. Chavan by endorsing his decision to recommend the dissolution of the Lok Sabha last August.

The ineptitude of Mr. Chavan and his Congress (U) colleagues is blatant. The results of the elections to the Vidhan Sabhas in Karnataka, Andhra, Maharashtra and Assam in February 1978 of a series of by-elections in other states could have left them in doubt that their popular base was small and shrinking, that Mr. Gandhi's popularity was growing and that she had emerged as the viable alternative to the Janata and that the talk of Congress minus her was neither feasible nor meaningful. As such they should have known that an early election would bring disaster on them and their party. Yet they opted on August 20 when they were along with Mr. Singh in recommending the dissolution of Lok Sabha to President S. Radhakrishnan who for some obvious reasons of his own was more willing to oblige.

If one wishes to be charitable to Congress (U) leaders, one can take the view that at that stage they did not have much of a choice. If the meeting of the Sabha had not been postponed, the government would have been defeated and the President would have asked Mr. Jagjivan Ram to form a government. It would have been worse from the point of view of the Congress (U)? In any case, it would have given it a colossal leverage. It could have gone into a coalition with Mr. Ram and ousted him from outside the process weakened the position of the erstwhile Jana Sangh, Janata and defeated Mrs. Gandhi's strategy of forcing an election. The Congress (U) leadership was utterly incapable of making far from complicated calculations.

UNREALISTIC

There are two explanations for the Congress (U) leadership blunder. First, it took a myopic view of its programme of fighting Mrs. Gandhi's "authoritarianism" and the former's "communalism" by it was either too self-righted or too naive to recognise the fact that several Janata leaders including Mr. Jagjivan Ram, Mr. Chandra Shekhar, were to contain their Jana Sangh leagues and would welcome from erstwhile Congress colleagues who were still outside Gandhi's camp. Secondly, it was a highly unrealistic view of Charan Singh's pull with voters in north India and his character. It calculated that he would swim to victory on the tails and that he would be us in accommodating his explanation is a testimony to political acumen. On the

out doubt the shrewdest politician in the Janata. He had blocked the latter's election as leader of the Janata parliamentary party. He compounded these mistakes

tem to function, the only notable exception being the now defunct united front government in Kerala. For since in the West Bengal ministry the CPM is so much

cess platform had been initiated. Pipelines for oil and gas had been laid from the offshore in the Gulf shore. The target for production

BATTLING DEAD ISSUES AND

Like any other educated woman, I have been regularly reading women's sections published in the dailies and also the exclusively women's journals both in Gujarati and English. The image of women projected in the Gujarati press I thought did not do justice to them. I decided to make a survey of the items for women appearing in the various dailies and magazines. I examined the themes chosen by the editors, their approach to these topics, the response of the readers to what was published, and the general trend of their dealing with topics concerning women. I wanted to find out whether editors make the reader, the woman of today, alive to her predicament as well as her responsibilities, whether they point the way along which women should develop and whether they give a correct analysis of women's position in India today.

One such column in a daily is written entirely by the editor. In other articles both the editor and readers are presented. The number of such articles varies from two to five. The themes on which editors write are very limited. Most of them write week after week on elders, and the conflict between generations, and on husband-wife relationships. An infrequent article on eve-teasing, blind faith, festivals, etc. lends an anaemic variety to the fare.

EDITORS OF THE WOMEN'S PAGE WEIGH IN HEAVILY ON THE SIDE OF CONSERVATIVE, TRADITIONAL IDEAS

Writing upon the generation gap, the editors generally support the elders' ways and consider old Indian practices as ideal, and one article even condemned young couples' desire for freedom and privacy!

The readers present their problems and ask for solutions. To one reader the editor suggests

At a time when women need to inculcate and project a more progressive image, the Gujarati press, ILA PATHAK'S survey reveals, is hopelessly behind the times

that the young should be considerate to the old, and the old should not always insist on their notions being accepted by the young, that the young ought to set up separate homes to avoid conflicts. The practicality of the editor's suggestion appears to be doubtful because if the young couple could afford to stay separately, they would not have created problems for themselves by living together.

Another reader asks whether she is right in living separately from her father-in-law because he did not allow her to enforce any discipline on her children. The editor, instead of discussing this very relevant issue and giving his opinion, is content merely to give the title in the form of a question: "Was she wrong in her decision?"

A large number of articles are written on husband-wife relationships. Editors discuss the husband's excessive sexual demands, his mistresses, his inability to forgive his wife's premarital sex lapses and his general impatience in dealing with his wife without contributing any suggestions to resolve these problems. A reader complains to the editor that she is treated as a slave by the other members of her household, that her husband is indifferent to this, and fails to support her claim to respect as his wife. The editor merely points out that so many other women are miserable in Indian society, as if that is much solace for the complainant.

In one article an editor denounces the educated wife as incapable of making a happy home. In another, some cases of women suffering from mental problems are presented. They

make their husbands unhappy. Why? The editor points out that all these women were educated; so the moral: "Education is bad for women!"

Another editor, while presenting two cases known to her, graciously allows that even educated women can be good housewives if they sacrifice all to the needs of the family.

While writing about festivals, etc. the articles are positively inane. They are all about the happiness that befalls the family on the eve of the festival. Members of the household sacrifice for each other, and the story sounds unreal. Take this gem: A boy sells a Parker pen he has won as a prize in his school to buy sweets for his brothers and sisters. Firstly no ordinary school can afford to give Parker pens as prizes, secondly a pen won as a prize is to be preserved as a trophy not sold to buy sweets. In another, the father comes home from the hospital on the festival day — an utter surprise to everybody, his wife included!

One reader asks the editor whether she can join in the "garba" at the festival time, for she is a widow. The editor replies, "If your children like it and if you think it proper, do so." Not very kindly to hapless young widows.

"THE READER'S APPROACH IS ALMOST ALWAYS DIAMETRICALLY OPPOSED TO THAT OF THE EDITORS."

As against this the themes that the readers write upon have more relevance and variety. They respond to editorial articles and in addition they write reflective articles on old customs, on the plight of the single woman, on untouchables, on education and on woman's status.

The reader's approach is almost always diametrically opposed to that of the editors. About the conflict between the generations, the editor is lar-

TECHNOLOGICAL

civilisation will be on its periphery. This is supported by our anxiety over the application of foodstuffs and our application for casual leave when we hear of the

and starting to speak. Rarely is a speaker hurt. Newspapers usually report that so

foreign exchange. Today the situation is altered. Nevertheless the decision to pause was not unusual from mid-'80. ONGC is going full steam ahead.

ANTIA TARIFF

TRUMPETING LOST CAUSES

gely for the elders and admonishes the young generation to conform to their elders' views, but a reader says that even if the elders may have been good examples, they need not be always followed without question.

About the husband-wife relationship the editors hold the orthodox view and expect the wife to be a docile, dutiful, self-sacrificing angel. A reader, however, asks if a wife can be happy if her husband is unfaithful to her, and another says that the wealth of a husband does not necessarily make a wife happy. Two readers discuss the low status of women. Though they are declared equal by the Constitution, they point out, men keep accepting their devotion and love as a matter of course as if they are inferior beings. The editor has nothing to say on this.

"THEY SEEM TO BE A BUNCH OF RIP VAN WINKLES APPOINTED TO EDITORIAL POSTS."

Many readers express their resentment at society's neglect of their education. An educated wife is only a status symbol, she is not trusted and given an opportunity to utilise her education fruitfully. And her domestic capabilities are in doubt. A woman, having acquired a first class as post-graduate in Economics, complains that she is not even allowed a share in the financial management of her own home. Another reader insists that education does not create problem women. Problems arise for every individual — educated or uneducated, man or woman. She urges women to fight this tendency to blame a problem in adjustment to a woman being educated.

The approach of editors and women readers are just as widely different in the treatment of the theme of eve-teasing. Editors report an incident and suggest

that girls should be more modest and careful and keep away from eve-teasers. The readers ask why women's organizations are not doing anything to counter this evil. They also insist that women should be respected as individuals, that their equality with men must be accepted. Eve-teasing is a symptom of looking on women as mere sex objects, and therefore must be countered by women's organizations, readers say.

"AN EXTENSIVE REVOLUTION IS THE NEED OF THE DAY IN THIS GENRE OF GUJARATI JOURNALISM."

Readers have a lot to complain about the age-old methods of celebrating festivals. They are exasperated by the wasteful expenditure on these, and the extra load of work they place on the already tired housewife.

A remarkable aspect of Gujarati journals as one wades through their columns is the refusal of editors to deal constructively and progressively with the hundreds of injustices to which women are subjected and the social problems facing the country.

Readers write on the evil of the dowry system, on the status of single women and the need to respect them, on a Harijan girl winning a garba competition, on experiments in education, the need for teachers to understand the children in their care. One reader asks why women are not considered equal to men, another asks why women are always condemned by writers in the matter of eve-teasing. One complains that religions preach women's subordination, obedience, surrendering her individuality. For all these problems the editors' only response is a tactful silence.

So the remarkable, and deplorable, aspect of Gujarati journals that claim to deal with wo-

men's interests is their utterly ignoring the issues that matter to us, trouble us, reduce our personality. While women are demanding changes, reforms, justice, the editors continue to purvey stale, irrelevant advice to us — to enjoy our shackles, welcome our inferior status, adjust to male dominance. Instead of inviting women's views on their status, they cling to issues raised by Gandhiji decades ago. One editor brightly asks, "Do you not consider a Harijan superior to yourself?" They seem to be a bunch of Rip Van Winkles appointed to editorial posts.

None of the burning issues facing women today as citizens, as individuals, as wives, as mothers, seem to be worthy of their attention. They seem not to have even heard of the modern, educated young woman on her way to an independent, fruitful and courageous life as an individual in her own right. They do not deal in depth with problems like household budgeting, health, nutrition, education of children, widow remarriage, marriage by choice, careers open to women, the effect of films on boys and girls, helping indigent, illiterate women to earn a livelihood, the role educated women can play in improving social and economic conditions.

It is a great pity, indeed, that in these days when changes are occurring in every sphere of life, when we are faced with a myriad problems, when women have broken with the past, but have yet to anchor in the present securely, when education has given an unprecedented opportunity for them to contribute to the nation's prosperity, when women struggle for independence and equality of status, when they are confused about their role and need direction and guidance so urgently, those in charge of women's columns and women's magazines, are battling dead issues, trumpeting lost causes.

An extensive revolution is the need of the day in this genre of Gujarati journalism.

of the plan concerning phase IIIB had to be revised for reasons given below.

CFP of France were appointed as consultants in April 1977 for a report in January 1978. It would be necessary to have three more wells to maintain the production to be reached from the well platforms. This interest of more uniformity from the reservoir. The potential of the reservoir in any way found to

as earlier envisaged provided for installation process platform "BHN". This platform have been installed. However, pending report, it was considered to take up the engineering of the BHN platform and other platforms of the Bombay High were thoroughly assessed. During 1977-78 crude oil production in the international market without any difficulty. The country's foreign reserves were comfortable in Bombay High. Pending a precise development plan for the platform. The report of January 1978 was discussed in the light of clarification had been asked for. A decision was then taken on the engineering and installation of the platform.

Systems limitation on the process platform which conversion of the platform. 80 per cent of the platform. The handling of sugar has just been a position between Rs. 3.10 and Rs. 108 to Rs. 109. The circumstances of sugar.

The Indian Sugar Manufacturers Association has suggested only way out now is for the government to take over the distribution of sugar but what it means by not clear. If it wants the government to procure sugar the does wheat, store it in godowns then retail it through fair price shops it is barking up the wrong tree. The government does not have the finance the operation; in any case it will be of no help to the small towns and villages that are poorly served by the public distribution system.

Whatever the gyrations of the government's policy on price and distribution, it is necessary to see to it that cane-cultivators get the switch over to other crops such as wheat, rice or cotton. This will happen if the mills give them a decent return. The latter are to do so only if their equipment is modernised; many mills, especially in U.P. and Bihar, have been obsolete plant and machinery for years.

Various committees (Gandhi just Committee) who already has a report on the subject. It is reported by inter-Tehran.

Angered by mob attacks on the home of their spiritual leader Ayatollah Mohammad Shahrudi and by the failure of Khomeini's new Islamic revolution to gain them economic and political freedom, the

Sethna said it is more than ten years for the breed to become a major source of power in the developing countries. In the field of fusion, work was going on in the U.S. and the USSR in a big way but many practical problems remained to be sorted out. He said that the difficulties about fusion from the U.S.

"Some say that the agency's regulatory activity is no good while others say that it is absolutely necessary. I feel regulatory activity is absolutely necessary and it has contributed to the promotion of peaceful uses of nuclear power. Take for example the agency's role in the

national observers. "We are going to have independent international observers to go and visit the prisoners in I hope a very short time and afterwards I hope that visits will be (made) regularly." Mr. Ghotbzadeh told a news conference.

**You feel
everything he has
should be the best.**



We agree.

So we have made Papu Feeders
and Nipples for your baby.

Feeder: Clear, superior glass. Extra strong,
extra safe. Full 225 ml. feed.

Nipples: designed for even flow.
Choice of transparent or moulded.
Made from first quality, odourless rubber.

Cap: durable, leak-proof, crack-resistant.

Nipple cover (optional).

Papu

Feeders and Nipples

• Soothers • Tumblers • Mixers



**Babycare
that mothers trust**

**Be 'with it' – with the
wild-flower colours...**



be a Gala girl



Simmering colours. Dewy colours. Colours now the craze
in London and Paris. Dark and soft, plain and frosted, rich
and glowing. Lip colours that stay fresh. Nail varnishes
that stay. All yours from Gala.



GALA® draws attention.
of London

A Novel Container

FOR YOU TO CROCHET,
A COLOURFUL
CONTAINER FOR
EGGS / PINS / CLIPS

MATERIALS:

Knitting Cotton: 1 ball each Parrot Green, Red, Dark Green, Blue and Black. A small length of White thread. Crochet hook no. 14. A strip of cardboard 22 cm. x 5 cm. A piece of wire 10 cm. in length. Small pieces of Red and Black felt for eyes and mouth.

MEASUREMENTS:

Length 22 cm., width 5 cm., height 4 cm.

ABBREVIATIONS:

ch. = chain; s.s. = slip stitch; dc. = double crochet; rep. = repeat; tr. = treble.

(Use double thread for cups).

With Dark Green thread work 4 ch., join with a s.s. to form a ring.

1st round: 1 ch., 5 dc. in the ring, s.s. to 1 ch.

2nd round: 1 ch., 2 dc. in each dc., s.s. to 1 ch.

3rd round: 1 ch., * 1 dc. in next dc., 2 dc. in next dc., rep. from * all round s.s. to 1 ch.

4th round: 1 ch., * 1 dc. in each of next 2 dc., 2 dc. in next dc., rep. from * all round, s.s. to 1 ch.

5th round: 1 ch., * 1 dc. in each of next 3 dc., 2 dc. in next dc., rep. from * all round, s.s. to 1 ch.

6th round: 1 ch., * 1 dc. in each of next 4 dc., 2 dc. in next dc., rep. from * all round, s.s. to 1 ch.

7th round: 1 ch., * 1 dc. in

each of next 5 dc., 2 dc. in next dc., rep. from * all round s.s. to 1 ch.

8th round: 1 ch., * 1 dc. in each of next 6 dc., 2 dc. in next dc., rep. from * all round, s.s. to 1 ch.

9th round: 1 ch., 1 dc. in each dc. all round, s.s. to 1 ch.

Rep. 9th round 5 times more.

Similarly work 4 more cups, one in each of the above mentioned colours.

Base:

With Parrot Green (single) thread work a row of 13 ch., turn.

1st row: 1 tr. in 3rd ch. from hook, 1 tr. in each ch. to end, turn and work on the other side of ch., working 1 tr. in each ch., s.s. to top of very first turning ch.

2nd round: 2 ch., 1 tr. in each tr. all round, s.s. to top of 2 ch.

Rep. second round till work measures 22 cm., fasten off.

Insert strip of cardboard into the hollow and sew up open end. Arrange the 5 cups on the base and stitch them into position. Put a stitch to join one cup to the other. On the front of the first cup stick Black felt for eyes and Red felt for mouth, cut to shape. On the rim of the cup stitch wire to form V-shaped whiskers. Wrap wire with White thread. See photograph.

Arnavaz Dhondy



DRESSED TO IMPRESS

Sarika
in
MANHAR
DRESS MATERIALS



ESTD 1888

THE MANEKLAL HARILAL
MILLS LIMITED
SARASPUR, AHMEDABAD 380 018

Facing a physical affliction with courage and making the best of life in spite of it is not the easiest thing in the world. True accounts of heroism in real life.

The whole thing began very innocently way back in 1963. I had just finished school then, and I remember everything so vividly. My mother was a very active lady who, besides meticulously attending to the domestic routine of looking after her well kept home and four growing children, was a social worker in Jabalpur. She was the secretary of the Ladies Cosmopolitan Club in Khamaria and the president of the Mahila Samiti.

One fateful day, while going out for a walk, she found that her left leg was not functioning properly. She had to make an effort to lift it. We presumed that it was due to fatigue, but when it recurred, a doctor was consulted, who prescribed vitamins.

Then one day, shortly afterwards, she fell in her bathroom, sustaining multiple injuries on the cheeks, eyebrows and the back of the head. I was relaxing with a book in the adjacent bedroom when I heard the thud and then, silence. I rushed to the bathroom door, but it was bolted. I called out to her — no reply.

At that moment Papa returned from the office — I heard him outside and I called out to him. "Papa, Papa," I was weeping as I blubbered, "Something has happened to Mummy in the bathroom. . ."

He rushed in and we both pulled at the door. Luckily the bolt was loose, and the door opened. It was a shocking sight! She was lying naked on the wet floor. . . unconscious. I was "so scared. I thought she was dead. I uttered a little prayer to God. We picked her up and put her to bed.

While we dressed her up and waited for the doctor, I told Papa that between the time of my hearing the thud and his arrival only about two minutes could have elapsed. In his anxiety he reprimanded me for not having pulled open the door immediately. He shuddered to think what would have happened if he had not arrived. My three brothers were away at school and I was the only one at home.

He tried to connect her falling with the incidents of the morning. It struck him that it could have a connection with the Higher Secondary results published that morning. My younger brother had appeared for the examination and his name had not appeared in the list of successful candidates. Father had consoled her that there must have been a printing mistake. She had seemed to have believed it then, and sent my brother to the school to check. But actually she might not have believed father. Perhaps she had taken it too much to heart and a nervous breakdown had resulted.

In her bathroom there was a ventilator just above the head level. It so happened that the previous week we had sacked our servant and his wife. He had been seen loitering around the house the previous evening. I quickly checked the ventilator — it was open. Maybe he had hit her on the head through it with force as revenge, causing the

head injury, but I myself knew how wildly improbable this theory was.

The head injury was later a matter of controversy among doctors. Some felt that the head injury had been caused by her fainting and falling down, others felt that she had fainted because of the head injury.

When the external injuries healed, we all thought that she would be her normal self again, but it was not to be so. She had grown very weak in the legs, particularly the

A LOVE THAT FOUGHT DEATH

Renu Kishore

When I went home with my first baby, my mother's face had lit up with fulfilment and pride, but alas, she could not lift the child. Slowly and imperceptibly she continued to sink till she became bedridden

left one. Initially the doctors said it was temporary and she would soon be all right. But that "soon" has not yet come. There is nothing we have not done to bring her back to normal.

She was taken to the best of doctors in Jabalpur. In spite of the fact that Papa had no faith in vaidyas or pandits, he took her, in desperation, to one who claimed that he could cure her. I clearly remember the visits of a pundit who gave two stones, one to be embedded in silver and the other in gold and worn as pendants. Alas, these had no effect.

Finally, we took her to Delhi for expert treatment at the All-India Institute of Medical Sciences. On the advice of a well known doctor we tried physiotherapy. There was only temporary improvement and the condition recurred after some time. During this period she only had difficulty with her left leg. Otherwise she was quite normal.

In 1966, I got married in Delhi. She performed all her duties and looked after the arrangements cheerfully. When I went home a year later she was full of enthusiasm and kept fussing over me. I noticed hardly any change in her except that she looked a little pale, and I also found that while talking she often repeated things which she had narrated earlier, but I did not give it much thought.

She did not experience much discomfort while performing her daily chores, but after 1970, the deterioration became rapid. The next part to which the disease spread was her neck; it started nodding involuntarily.

And then, slowly but surely, the disease spread over her entire body. She was not able to maintain her balance, and even while sitting, had to be provided with a long pillow to rest her back and head, plus a leather neck supporter. A set of physiotherapeutic exercises were prescribed by the Jawaharlal Institute, Delhi, but these had little effect. Slowly and imperceptibly she continued to sink.

Then her condition worsened each time I saw her. I remember going home with my first baby. Her face had lit up with fulfilment and pride, but alas! she could not lift the baby. She had felt very dejected.

Since she could no longer walk unaided, she used to order the ayah to bring the stove near her bed so that she could supervise the cooking. Things like maththis, parathas, kiftas, etc. were made under her supervision. It gave her so much pleasure to be involved. She had always been an excellent cook. She kept saying, "When I get up I will cook. . ."

By the time my brother, who is a Major in the Army, got married in 1971, she

was completely bedridden. Despite that, she was in high spirits, travelling from Jabalpur to Delhi, enjoying every minute of the ceremonies, the singing and dancing, the hustle and the crowd of happy guests.

At the reception she was dressed up in a gorgeous blue saree and looked so pretty that some old people remembered her younger days. She had been a beauty in her time, and in spite of the disease, she had not lost her charm.

In 1972 my father retired and they settled in their own house in Delhi at Defence Colony. He would have preferred Jabalpur, but she had always wanted to be close to her brothers, sisters and other relations in Delhi.

Papa hoped that with loved ones — specially her sisters — close to her, she would be more cheerful and would improve physically.

There followed consultations with specialist after specialist. My grandfather himself is a doctor in Delhi. Every single relation of ours was helpful and encouraging. My mother too gave us full cooperation. Never did she grumble or tire of subjecting herself to investigations. She stoically took the various tablets, medicines and tonics prescribed for her and was always a picture of cheerfulness. Her patience sometimes brought tears to my eyes. The only time she protested was when her long, luxuriant tresses were chopped

Continued on page 54

COVER



FROM LEFT TO RIGHT :

An old shawl dons a new look with this unusual cover up with a back seam and attractive front borders.

An old bandhani print, lined with cotswool makes a colourful coat, straight and simple styled.

A cape with a difference for a cool, windy day. A light wool fabric is gathered and tied at neck. Tack in a border at the edge and finish with a little embroidery.

Make a special winter outfit — skirt and a shawl to match in all-wool tartan checks. Just right for a holiday in the hills.

Another salwar coordinated suit in blue with long sleeves, has matching shawl and churidars in woollen laheria print.



STORY

Dinoo Vacha

The latest in warm clothing,
both chic and practical
for light winter evenings
when you don't want
to be covered up in baggy
coats or be too casual
with a cardigan.



The crumbled walls sing ballads of glory.

The past is rich with legends of chivalry. The loves and lives of a colourful page of history beckon from a multitude of monuments. The pomp and pageantry of a bygone era comes alive.

An echo in the mountains

Kangra Fort.

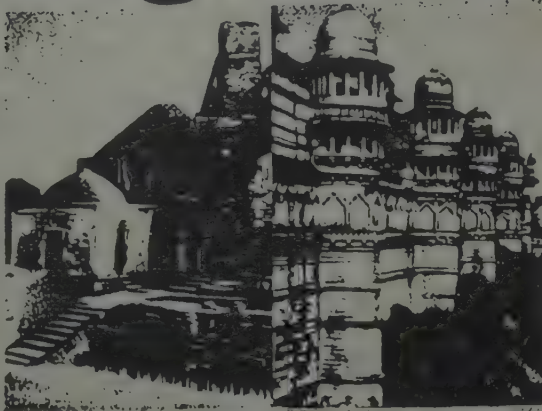
Surrounded on three sides by steep cliffs, overlooking two rivers. A stronghold of the Katoch Rajas from pre-historic times, this fort lured many a conqueror.

From Mahmud Gazni, Hindu Rajas, Jehangir, the British and finally the Sikhs. From Kangra, Pathankot and the Kashmir Valley are easily accessible.

Citadels of valour

Chittorgarh. The citadel of Rajput valour resounds with legends of bravery and sacrifice. Tales of Sutee and Jwahir. The palace of heroic Padmini. The shrine of the poetess Mirabai.

Lohagarh. North-west of Bharatpur stands this impregnable fortress with unique defences.



Seventy-six bastions of victory

Golconda. Built by the Raja of Warangal, it passed on to the Bahmani kings and on to the Qutab Sahi regime. It finally fell to Aurangzeb after a 10 year siege. The fort is on the outskirts of the city of Hyderabad.

A sultan's pride Srirangapatna.

Built in the 13th century, this fort was scene for the last battle of Tipu Sultan. Built on a river island, the fort is washed on both sides, by the river Kaveri. Colourful frescoes on battered

walls, recreate historic battle scenes.

In the time of Buddha

Rajgir. This fort built by Ajatasatru, a contemporary of Buddha, is the country's oldest extant fort. The ruined fortifications of the ancient capital of Magadh can be seen here.

Heir to the sun

Rohtasgarh. Built by the son of the legendary Raja Harish Chandra, who is reputed to have descended from the sun. In 1857, it was a rallying base for freedom fighters.

Silent songs of splendour

Mandu. Stronghold of the 10th century Raja Bhoj. Scene for the eternal love story of Baz Bahadur and the Hindu singer Roonmati.

Pratapgarh. Shivaji's stronghold for many years, it was the scene of his fateful encounter with the Bijapur general Afzal Khan.

Come to a holiday with history. You'll find a lot more to extend your stay.



Indian Airlines has a network of 62 destinations in India plus 7 in the six neighbouring countries. Convenient connections wing you on your way in a matter of hours.



Indian Airlines

Contact your travel agent and plan your holiday today.

The Lure of the Past





ISOLATING THE SUBJECT



The tiger wears his stripes because he needs to be camouflaged among the blades of grass and scrub, through which he moves stealthily. But you want your main subject to stand out in the picture. So you isolate it with a sharp contrast of tone from the background.

Here again, choice of viewpoint comes to your rescue. The dark brown ducks in our first picture would have merged against an earthy back-

ground. So we shoot from a low angle to set the ducks against the bright sky.

In the second picture the white geese stand out best against the brown earth, for which a high viewpoint became necessary. The higher camera angle also enables us to see the entire line of ambulating geese. Give a thought to camera elevation in every picture you take.

Homi Kharas

modifloor d than cover a t

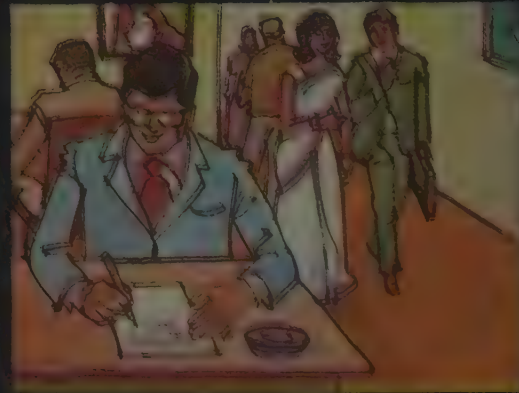
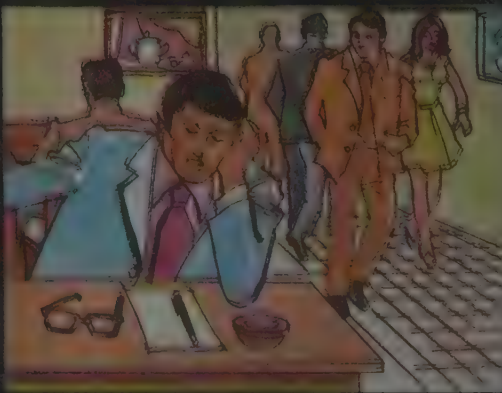


Safety ↗

Prevents ↗
Breakage



↖ Warmth



Less Noise ↗

modi carpets limited

MODI CARPETS LIMITED, CHANDHEE ROAD, NEW DELHI 110011



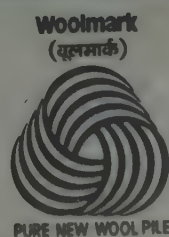
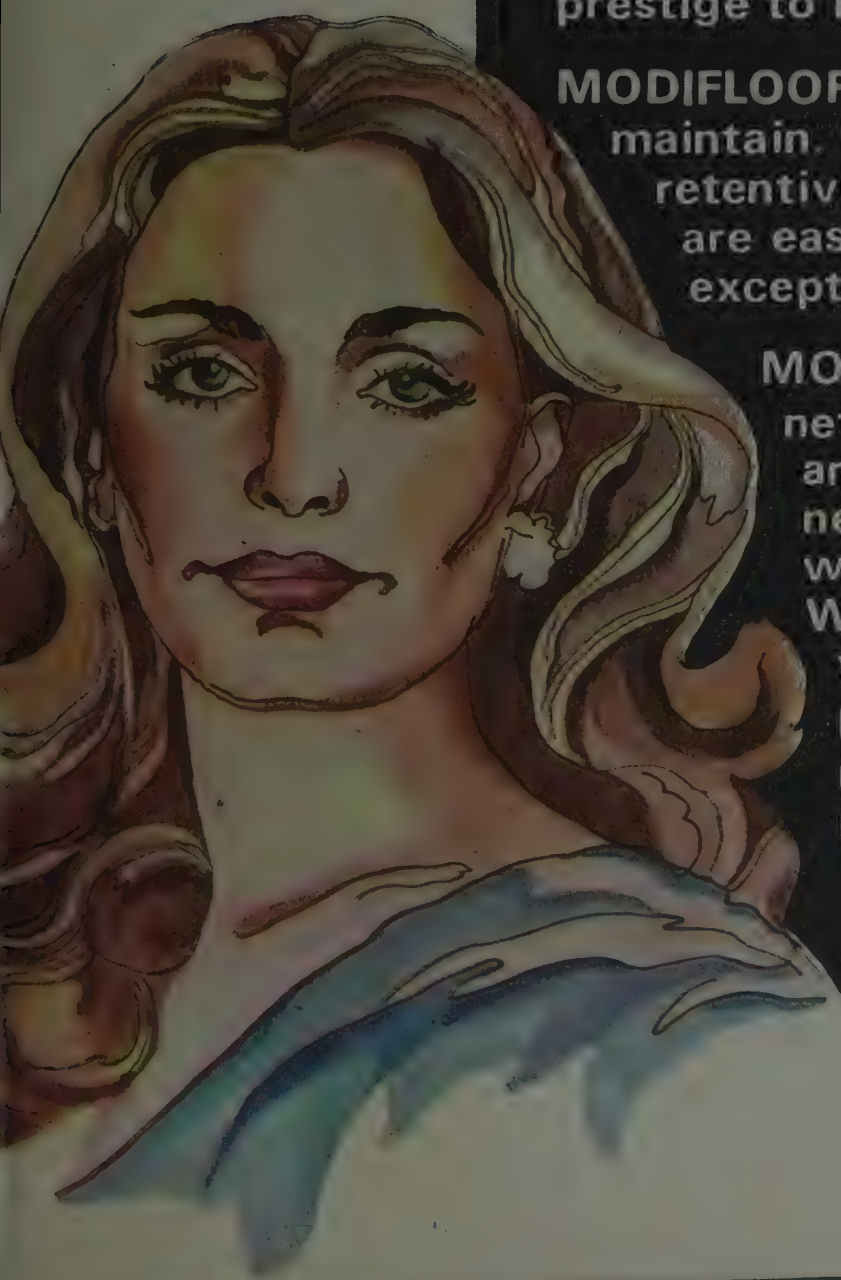
is a lot more oor

MODIFLOOR Carpets, manufactured in collaboration with M/s. Arova Schaffhausen AG, Switzerland and M/s. Wiltax AS, Denmark, are adored at home and abroad for their high standards of quality. Already a major breakthrough has been made into markets like U.K., West Europe; East Europe; U.S.S.R., U.S.A., Middle East and the Gulf countries.

MODIFLOOR's various range of designs, colours, piles add warmth, beauty, comfort, style and prestige to homes, hotels, offices, auditoria etc.

MODIFLOOR Carpets are wonderfully easy to maintain. With outstanding abrasion resistance, retentivity and compression recovery, they are easy to clean and the colours are exceptionally fast.

MODIFLOOR has a comprehensive network of dealers spanning the length and breadth of the country. There is one near you. Remember : at Modi Carpets we use the best Indian & Imported Wool. So, you are always sure about your investment in MODIFLOOR. Yet, MODIFLOOR Carpets are available at reasonable prices to suit individual needs.



A MATTER OF DESTINY

Rashida Malik

SHE fastened her seat-belt securely around her waist and leaned back against the cushy comfort of the seat in relief. This was her first flight and she had experienced a slight nervousness. But her mind was on the more urgent things ahead of her. Her thoughts raced on, swiftly charting out her line of action when she reached her destination. After a while she seemed to come to some sort of a decision, for she visibly relaxed and settled down more comfortably. The silent tableau enacted on her expressive face was watched, not without amusement, by the person beside her. As if aware of his interest, she turned slightly to look at him — a soberly dressed man of indeterminate age who did not seem disposed to conversation. As he encountered her questing gaze however, he smiled a little, an effort she returned with a friendly nod of her head.

But, after that initial acknowledgement of each other's presence, the two sat quietly side by side. The girl was engrossed in the thoughts of the parents she had left behind, and a wry smile curved her mouth as she recalled the sweet face of her mother at the airport, struggling to keep the tears in check. Her father had been the source of strength — accepting her decision quietly, and helping and guiding her. . . Here her thoughts broke off as she slipped into the mesmeric world of dreams.

The rest of the journey was never very clear in her mind later on. She seemed to remember hazily that they had stopped at a number of places. Her silent companion disembarked at Frankfurt. She had known utter thankfulness when the soft voice of the air-hostess announced that they were soon to land at Zurich, thus signifying the completion of the journey.

When at last she was standing in the lounge, her bag at her feet, she knew a moment of fear. She looked around her, hoping against hope that by some extraordinary chance he would come to meet her. Then she chided herself for being foolish — he wouldn't know she was coming; probably he had even gone off on one of his tours. She quailed at the thought, then almost immediately dismissed it.

Giving herself a mental shake, she



walked out briskly and with renewed determination and hailed a passing cab. Seating herself at the back, she instructed the driver. As the car weaved its way through the traffic, she gazed out of the window unseeingly. The sensuous charm of one of the world's most beautiful cities held no fascination for her at this moment. She sat on edge, fingers twisting nervously together, willing herself to be calm.

When the cab slid smoothly to a halt, she got out on trembling feet, paid her fare and glanced up at the imposing apartment from the sidewalk where she was standing. Almost in a daze she

He drew her away from the puzzled gaze of the receptionist and led her through a number of rooms to his own office. His secretary was sitting there, an affable but harassed looking young man. She was surprised; she had expected his secretary to be a woman. But how could any woman cope with the fiery and unpredictable nature of Sanjiv Chopra? The rather desperate young man was not making a success of it either, she thought ruefully. Certainly he left with considerable alacrity at their entrance. Sanjiv motioned her to a comfortable chair, sat down near her, and demanded "Explain

expertly manipulated the car through the heavy traffic. Strangely enough, she was at peace now, enjoying a sort of serene content, that she was actually with Sanjiv in this lovely city which had been his home for the last ten years. She looked around eagerly, drinking in the fascinating charm that had made Zurich one of the best loved cities in the world.

The effects of the journey began to tell on her and fatigue made her head droop. She was never quite sure afterwards who had taken her to a room and told her gently that she must be tired. All she remembered was the welcome sight of a huge bed, into which she tumbled gratefully and instantly fell asleep.

When she opened her eyes again, it was dark. She looked around her, noting the casual comfort and untidiness of the room. She did not need to look at the shirts hanging at the back of a chair to know whose room it was. She breathed in an aura of masculinity that was wonderfully comforting because it afforded her a sense of belonging. She swung her feet off the bed and looked down at her clothes with a rueful grin. It would never do to be seen like this. Her face brightened when she noticed her suitcase in a corner of the room. His thoughtfulness brought unexpected tears to her eyes, and she hurriedly rummaged through her bag for suitable clothes and made her way to the bathroom.

After an invigorating bath, she felt considerably refreshed and prepared to face anything. "Anything" was the right word, she told herself. Now that she was here what would he do? Would he try to talk her into going back? Or would he keep her with him? With these questions churning in her mind, she made her way through a beautifully furnished hall into the soothing greenery of the garden.

On seeing her approach, Sanjiv ground out his cigarette and came to meet her.

"Had a good rest?" he enquired.

"Yes, I'm very sorry to have put you out of your room," she replied.

Carelessly waving away her apology, he took her arm and they walked towards the roses at the farthest corner of the garden. Here in comparative seclusion from the house, they were silent, enveloped in an atmosphere of intensity and intimacy. Almost without volition they turned towards one another and their lips met in a long searching kiss. However, when she felt his hands moving in their familiar sensuous rhythm down her back, warning signals exploded in her brain and she tore herself away. Putting some distance between them, she said brokenly, "No, oh no, this will not happen again."

Continued on page 39

SHE HELD HER BREATH AS THE RECEPTIONIST CONVEYED HER MESSAGE. THE NEXT MINUTE A DOOR AT THE END OF THE ROOM SWUNG OPEN AND SHE GAZED WORDLESSLY AT THE DEAR FAMILIAR FIGURE THAT STARED AT HER IN DISBELIEF

read the name, "Brightsides". Hurriedly she consulted the paper in her hand and entered the building. She found herself encompassed in a massive surge of humanity. People, people everywhere. Fortunately no one paid much attention to her, each being intent on his own business. Quivering in every limb as she neared her destination, she noted absently that the part of the building where she was now, was much quieter and more luxurious.

Drawing a deep breath outside a door marked Sanjiv Chopra and Kaushal, she pushed it open and went in. She was in a sort of outer office. The receptionist behind the huge desk looked up questioningly. Overwhelmingly aware of the bag beside her, she went across and said in a low voice "My name is Reena Singh. Is Mr. Chopra in?"

The casual tone was quite an achievement. The girl behind the desk nodded, picked up the receiver and spoke into it. From where she stood, Reena could hear the exchange of words clearly. After a series of clicks, a voice snapped a curt "Yes?" Reena felt her heartbeats quicken. She held her breath as the receptionist gave her name. There was a pause and then a click at the other end. The next minute a door at the further end of the room swung open.

Reena gazed wordlessly at the dear familiar figure that stared at her so disbelievingly. She noted every detail avidly and tenderly — the dark hair that looked as if impatient fingers had been run through it, the sleeves rolled up in haste as the man came swiftly towards her. She watched a whole gamut of emotions chase across his face, as pleasure struggled with surprise and exasperation. He was clearly dumbfounded. For a moment she thought he was about to take her in his arms, but habit reasserted itself and she was given a firm handshake.

your presence here, young woman!"

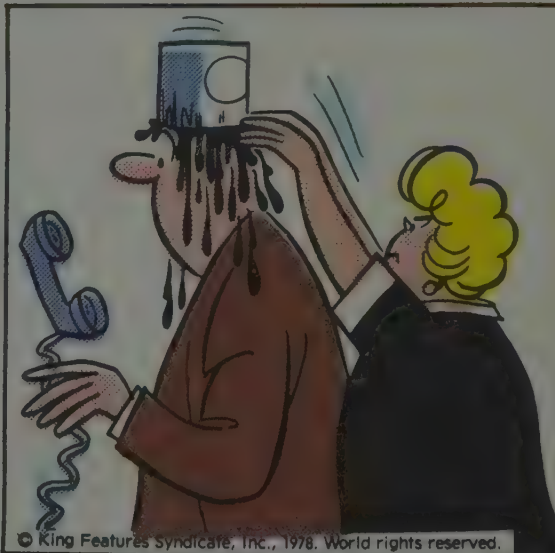
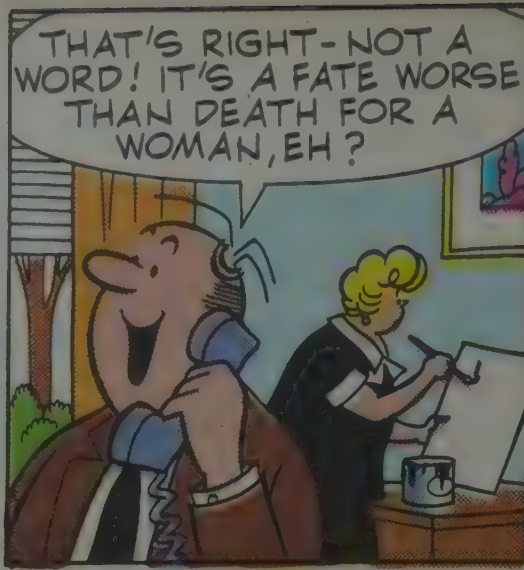
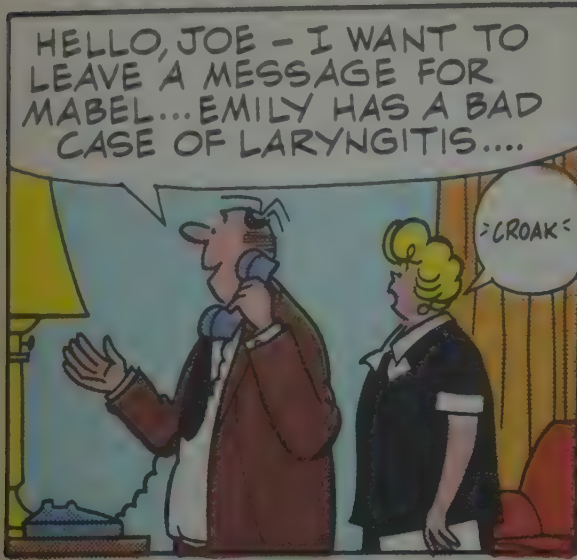
She did so, halting at first, because his close proximity unnerved her, but gradually drawing confidence from his inscrutable expression, she spoke simply and convincingly. Listening intently, Sanjiv thought again of what the girl had come to mean to him, and wished he had not underestimated her courage, for courage she had in plenty — risking the displeasure of close friends and relations, to come to him like this. He was glad she had such marvellous parents at least, and his face softened as he thought about them.

Long after Reena had stopped speaking he sat unmovingly. A man who was usually accustomed to making snap decisions and quick judgements, he now found himself at a loss to deal with this entirely new problem. He glanced at her and saw that her deep brown eyes were watching him steadily, silently pleading for his answer. Suddenly he was glad that she was here. All doubts were impatiently brushed aside as he told her he was taking her to his flat.

With characteristic thoroughness he gave instructions to his secretary, picked up her bag and led her towards his car. It was a sleek black Mercedes that displayed his elegant taste from its colour to its rich upholstery. When he saw that she was comfortably settled, he asked with a hint of wonder, "Tell me, how were you so sure you'd find me here? After all, I could have been away on tour. Come to think of it, I shall be going shortly to Amsterdam."

Thinking how this very possibility had caused her near-panic at the airport she admitted shakily, "Well yes, but I was prepared to take a chance. After all, this whole journey was a gamble!"

They continued the rest of the journey in silence, he immersed in his own thoughts and she loving the way he



© King Features Syndicate, Inc., 1978. World rights reserved.

L. WOMAN

Dear Editor: "What do you give a woman approaching ninety?"

Dear Sir: "A speeding ticket."

Women: "If you dislike your daughter's boy friend so much why do you want them to get married?"

Neighbour: "I'm just looking forward to being that young man's mother-in-law."

"Ma," said the intelligent boy of nine, "I don't think Solomon could have been as rich as they said."

"Why, my dear, what could have put that into your head?" asked the astonished mother.

"Because the Bible says he slept with his father and I think if he had been so rich, he would have had a bed of his own."

A little boy who had been used to receiving his older brother's old clothes recently remarked: "Ma, will I have to

THAT'S A LAUGH!

marry his widow when he dies?"

A miser, invited to a golden wedding anniversary, was told that each guest was expected to bring a golden gift. So he took a goldfish.



"Where have you been these last four years?"

"At college taking medicine." "And did you finally get well?"

Dad (sternly): "Where were you last night?"

Son: "Oh, just riding around with some of the boys."

Dad: "Well, tell 'em not to leave their hairpins in the car."

Enthusiastic Agent: "Now there's a house without a flaw."

Harvard Man: "My goodness! What do you walk on?"

"Are you a clock watcher?" asked the employer of the candidate for a job.

"No, I don't like inside work," replied the applicant without heat. "I'm a whistle listener."

A clergyman was preaching on the subject of future puni-

shment, "Yes, my brethren," he said, "There is a hell but —" (drawing out his watch and looking at it — "we won't go into that now.")



The smoker who switches from regulars to menthol cigarettes is not harmed physically just mentholly.

They were looking down into the depths of the Grand Canyon.

"Do you know," asked the guide, "that it took millions and millions of years for this great abyss to be carved out?"

"Well, well," exclaimed the traveller, "I never knew this was a government job."

Compiled by George Fegradoc

MARINATE AND COOK

Premila Lal

Meat, fish and vegetables are sometimes soaked or marinated in a savoury sauce or ground masala paste before cooking to make them more tender, moist and well-flavoured. The mixture is called the marinade, which consists of vinegar and oil, curd or any masala paste, and the same can be used as basting sauce while the meat is cooking. There are two types of marinades — the stronger, spicier marinades help to make bland food more interesting while the simple marinades preserve flavour and colour. These recipes here suggest the basic combinations which can easily be varied to suit individual tastes.

STEAK IN TERIYAKI SAUCE

- 4-6 tender steaks
- ¼ cup soya sauce
- 3 tbsps. honey
- 2 tbsps. vinegar
- 2 small spring onions, finely chopped
- ¾ cup salad oil
- 1 tsp. garlic, finely chopped
- 1 tsp. pepper, freshly ground

Mix together soya, honey and vinegar. Beat in the garlic and pepper. Add oil and chopped onions. Allow to marinate for three to four hours. Broil for five minutes on medium heat or barbecue over glowing coals, till done. Baste occasionally with the marinade. Serve with creamed spinach, potato and onion saute.

PORK VINDALOO

- 1½ kg pork
- 2" piece ginger
- 2 large onions
- 6 small onions
- 2 pods garlic
- Coriander leaves, chopped
- 14 to 20 dried red chillis
- 1 tbsp. vinegar
- Salt to taste
- Ghee or pork fat



Photograph : Taryeb Badshah

Fry the dry chillis in little ghee. When the chillis begin to swell, remove from fire and grind into a paste, removing the seeds. Crush garlic, ginger and two onions separately. Marinate the pork in vinegar along with the above ground masala for one hour. Chop the remaining onions. Fry them in ghee. Add the marinate pork. Add enough hot water to cook the meat. Add salt only when the meat is tender. When the gravy thickens, put in the coriander leaves. Remove when the gravy is nice and thick.

SPICED LOBSTER FRY

- 6 lobsters
- 2 tsps. chilli powder
- 2 tsps. sugar
- 2 tbsps. olive oil or salad oil
- 1 tbsp. white wine or white vinegar
- 1 tbsp. coriander leaves, finely chopped
- ½ tsp. pepper, freshly ground
- 3 tomatoes, finely sliced
- 1 onion, finely sliced in circles
- Juice of ½ lemon
- Salt to taste
- 1 tsp. butter

Wash, clean and shell lobsters. Cut into half-inch circles. Keep aside. In a bowl mix together the vinegar, salt, pepper, salad oil, chilli powder and sugar. (Substitute vinegar and salad oil with wine and olive oil if available). Marinate the lobster slices in this mixture for three hours before cooking. Melt one teaspoon butter in a pan and slightly fry the lobsters with the marinade until the liquid is just dry. Serve hot in a flat dish. Sprinkle with chopped coriander and encircle with tomato and onion rings, sprinkled with lemon juice.

LEG O'MUTTON

- A small leg of mutton
- 6-8 cloves garlic
- A stick cinnamon
- 6-8 cloves
- 3 cardamoms
- 1 sour lime
- Salt

Trim the meat and wash thoroughly. Drain for a while. Make gashes all over the leg, and fill the pockets with a clove or a clove of garlic or one of both. Rub all over with salt and sour lime juice and set aside to marinate for about one and a half to two hours. Then, remove the meat from the plate and put in a dry, clean plate. Keep for about fifteen minutes. Heat little ghee in a pan and put the spices in it. Fry till the spices give a sweet aroma, then put in the mutton. Brown on all sides thoroughly, cooking over a quick fire. When well brown, put in sufficient

water to cook the meat and simmer over moderate heat till the joint is tender. Remove the meat from the pan, and make a sauce of the gravy in the following manner:

Stir in flour and water paste made with two tablespoons flour and about half cup water. Stir continuously over low heat till the sauce thickens. Then, put in vinegar to taste and a pinch of sugar. Serve in a sauce boat.

Arrange the roast on a platter surrounded with roasted potatoes, carrots and boiled peas. If you prefer to serve the roast dry, set aside the gravy as stock for a soup and serve the meat with prepared mustard or mint chutney instead.

MUSSALAM RAAN

- 1 leg mutton (2-2½ kgs)
- 1½-inch piece ginger
- ½ cup almonds (optional)
- 1 cup curds
- 60 grams dry coconut
- 120 grams ghee
- ½ cup raisins
- 1 tbsp. poppy seeds
- 1 fresh lemon
- 30 grams red dry chillis
- 2 tsps. salt or to taste
- 1 small pod garlic
- 45 grams garam masala
- 1 tbsp. coriander seeds
- A small piece raw papaya

Grind the coriander, chillis, poppy seeds, garam masala (i.e. cloves, cardamoms, black pepper, curry leaves, cinnamon and saffron) into a fine paste. Grind the coconut, almonds and raisins into a fine mixture separately. Then grind the garlic, ginger and raw papaya together. Mix the curd and salt with it and squeeze the lime into the mixture and

keep separately. Wash the leg of mutton. With a pointed knife make diagonal slashes on both sides. Fill cuts with the mixture of garlic, ginger, and raw papaya, and curd, lime and salt and keep it for about ten minutes to allow the mixture to seep right in. Now spread the ground coriander, chillis and garam masala paste over the full leg of mutton. Finely spread a layer of the mixture of almonds, coconut and raisins. Put the ghee in a large frying pan and place the leg of mutton in it. Let it cook over a slow fire. Keep on turning from side to side until it is light brown. Cover the pan with a lid and place a few burning coals over it or leave it to cook in a moderate oven for about thirty minutes. Remove when light brown in colour and the meat is tender. Garnish with slices of fried onion and hard boiled egg.

LAMB CHOPS WITH NOODLES

- 8 thick lamb chops (1½ kgs)
- 2 tbsps. lime juice
- 2 tbsps. soya sauce
- 2 tbsps. white onions, sliced
- 1 tbsp. light brown sugar
- 1 tsp. coriander seeds, ground
- 1 tsp. cummin seeds, ground
- 1 tsp. chilli powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. pepper, freshly ground
- 2 tbsps. salad oil
- 400 grams noodles
- 3 tbsps. butter

Lemon slices
Coriander leaves
Mango or tomato chutney

Put the lime juice, soya sauce, onions, coriander, cummin seeds, chilli powder, salt, pepper and sugar in a bowl and mix well to-

gether. Wipe the chops with a damp cloth and trim fat if necessary. Put the chops in a plate and pour the marinade over it. Keep to soak for one and a half hours turning the chops a few times.

Drain off the marinade and keep aside in a cup. Heat the oil in a large frying pan and fry the chops on both sides for about ten minutes till brown. Then pour in the marinade, cover pan and cook gently for twenty five minutes or till chops are tender. Meanwhile cook the noodles, drain and add butter.

Put noodles in a serving dish and arrange the chops in the centre. Scrape sauce from the sides of the frying pan, add a tablespoon of water, heat and pour over the chops. Garnish with chopped coriander and lemon slices. Serve with chutney.

MASALA CHOPS

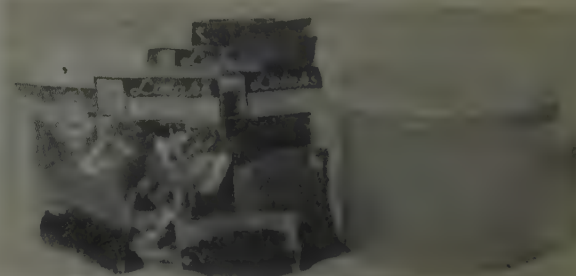
- 8 large mutton chops
- 3-4 green chillis
- 2 red dry chillis
- 2 onions
- 4 cloves garlic
- 1-inch piece ginger
- 1 tsp. garam masala
- 2-3 tsps. coriander leaves, chopped
- 1 tsp. coriander seeds
- 2 tsps. fresh coconut, grated
- ½ tsp. turmeric
- 3-4 dried figs
- Salt to taste

Grind together the chillis, chopped onion, garlic, coconut, figs, ginger and other spices to a thick paste. Smear the pieces of lamb chops with the mixture and keep aside for an hour. Place in a casserole and cook, covered for thirty to forty minutes till tender.

NEW GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

Prize winners of our Weekly Contest will receive, from January 1980, in addition to the usual Rs. 50.00 cash prize,

- 1) A 9-cup Storefresh container from TRU PTI INDUSTRIES, Bombay, 2) A Gift Hamper from CORN PRODUCTS containing Brown and Polson Custard Powder, Rex Jelly, Rex Baking Powder and Davis Gelatine and, 3) A compact gift packet containing all the Spices and Spice powders from P. MITTULAU LALAH & SONS, Madras.



So send in your original vegetarian or non-vegetarian recipes accompanied with a coupon, to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay 400 023.

RECIPES FROM OUR READERS



Mrs. S. Radhika, Palghat.

GINGER APPLE PIE

FOR THE GINGER CRUST:

- 20 gingersnaps, finely crushed
- ¼ cup sugar
- ½ cup butter, melted

FOR THE FILLING:

- 3 cups apples, sliced
- 2¼ cups apple juice, freshly strained
- 2 tbsps. ginger syrup, drained from preserved ginger
- ½ cup sugar
- 3 tbsps. cornflour

Mix the crushed ginger snaps together. Stir in butter. Line a nine inch pie pan with this mixture. Press it firmly into place. Bake in a moderate oven for ten minutes. Cool.

Mix the fresh apple juice and ginger syrup. Cook the sliced apples in it until just tender. Drain and arrange cooked slices in the baked pie shell. Mix sugar and cornflour. Add to the drained juice and cook until clear and thick. Pour over apples. Cool. Cover with whipped cream. Place cherry halves on top.



Mrs. Rathy Ponapa, Hubli.

FRUIT TRIFORIUM

- 1 small ripe papaya
- 4 ripe bananas

- 3 apples
- ¼ tea cup caramel syrup
- ½ tea cup sugar syrup
- 1 packet glucose biscuits
- ½ tea cup coffee decant
- 1 tsp. custard powder
- 1 tea cup milk
- 10 grams raisins
- 50 grams cashewnuts, crushed

WEEKLY WINNER



Mrs. Khanna wins Rs. 50/- for this week's best recipe plus a 9 cup Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Corn Products and P. Mittulaul Lalah and Sons, Madras.

MUSHROOM STUFFED TINDAS

- 250 grams tindas
- 3-4 tomatoes, pureed
- 2 onions, ground
- 2-3 green chillis
- 1 tsp. garlic — ginger
- 2-3 cardamoms
- 1-inch piece cinnamon
- 2-3 cloves
- 1 tsp. each salt, turmeric, chilli, garam masala and coriander powder
- 1 tsp. cummin seeds
- ½ cup curd, beaten
- Few tooth picks or cloves
- Oil to fry

FOR THE FILLING:

- ½ cup mushrooms
- 1 onion
- 1 tomato
- 2 tbsps. cottage cheese
- 2 tsps. garlic — ginger
- Oil to fry

- 1 tbsp. chocolate powder

Chop the fruits separately and keep aside. Mix chopped papaya with quarter cup sugar syrup and the chopped apple with the other quarter. Mix chopped bananas with caramel syrup. First transfer the banana mix into a transparent dish. Level it. Dip about six biscuits one by one in the coffee decant and arrange it over the banana mix. Spread the raisins over it. Now transfer papaya over it. Repeat the layers and spread crushed cashewnuts. Pour the apple mix and keep it

aside. Mix milk, custard powder and chocolate powder and bring it to a boil. Cool it. Pour over the apple mix and decorate with cherries.



Srija Char, Bangalore.

"JILLY" DELIGHT

- 2 cups milk
- 2 cups sooji milk
- 1 cup coconut milk
- 2 cups sugar
- 10 grams cardamoms
- 25 grams cashewnuts
- A little coconut, grated
- 2 cups pure ghee
- A pinch saffron

Mix all the three different milk in a heavy bottom dekchi. Add sugar and stir on low fire. Take care to see that no lumps are formed. Add ghee and other flavouring and colouring when the milk becomes a little semi-solid. Constant stirring will help the jilly to leave the sides of the dekchi. Pour into a greased plate. Decorate with cashewnuts, grated coconut and raisins.

- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce

- Salt, pepper to taste
- 2 green chillis

FOR THE FILLING:

Chop onions, tomato, mushrooms, green chillis. Heat oil. Fry the onion for a minute. Add garlic — ginger paste, green chillis and saute for few minutes. Mix salt, pepper and fry well. Add chopped mushrooms, cheese and tomato. Fry well. Add half cup water and cook till mushrooms are cooked. When cool, add the sauce.

TO STUFF THE TINDAS:

Scrape the tindas finely. Wash well. Slice off the tops of tindas, scoop and keep aside.

Heat oil. Fry the tindas and the cut off tops separately. Keep aside. In the same oil, add cummin seeds, cloves, cinnamon and cardamoms. Add onion paste and fry well. When onions turn transparent, add garlic-ginger paste, tomato puree, salt, chilli, turmeric, garam-masala powder and fry well. Finally add the beaten curds. Mix.

Stuff the tindas with the prepared mushroom mixture. Fix the caps securely with tooth-picks or cloves. Put these tindas in the above masala. Cook on slow fire.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.
2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.
3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine or any other published material. The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.

PREM KISHEN:

BORN TO ACT

Adelaide Chand

Being the son of a famous actor has certain advantages, but Prem has not been tempted to seek his father's help to forward his career

All those who like to keep themselves posted on the goings on in the razzle-dazzle world of show biz, would be interested to learn that Prem Kishen's career is doing rather well for itself. Premnath's good-looking eldest son is an independent minded young man with a will of his own. After a couple of good initial breaks in successful films like Vijay Anand's "Jaan Haazir Hai" and Rajshri's "Dulhan Wohi Jo Piya Man Bhaaye", Prem Kishen's maintaining a low-key, restrained profile, content to wait for the right offers and juicy roles to come his way.

"If I've not got as many roles as some of the other young actors today, it's because I believe in being choosy," he says composedly. "So many producers approach you with a signing amount for a film you know is never going to be made. Most newcomers grab this sort of thing, but not me. I've got my whole life ahead of me — why hurry? Slow and steady wins the race. I'd prefer to accept two or three roles in really good films, rather than a whole string of useless ones, and be branded a B-grade hero in the process."

"Usually," continues Prem, "when very young, kids go through the phase of wanting to be pilots or sailors — then change their minds when they grow older and decide what they really want to be. But with me, it's never been that way. I had only one dream. As far back as I can remember I've always wanted to be an actor. I was born into this industry. It's the only world I know.



There are so many of my relations in this line that I look upon it as my family. I feel very much at home here."

How does it feel to be the son of an actor like Premnath, who has established an ambiguous reputation for himself within the Film Industry? Prem Kishen leaps to his defence. "My father's a most tremendous man. He is also one of the most misunderstood people in the Industry. My father is a totally fearless person. He believes in doing everything out in the open, not behind closed doors like some of the others. His motto is: 'Karna, to daro mat, darna, to karo mat.' We're Pathans from Peshawar and don't believe in taking crap from anybody. When I was a kid I used to get terribly upset when I heard people talking about my mother and father, about problems in the family, marital rifts and so on. So one day I went to my father and asked him about it, and I'll never forget what he told me: 'Son, as long as you are working in the Industry you'll discover that there will always be people saying things about you. The best policy is to pay no attention. As long as you yourself know what the truth is, that what you're doing is right, it's enough. Lead your own life without worrying about others and their gossip.' So now I've adopted my father's motto — Forgive them for they know not what they do."

Has the fact that he is Premnath's son assisted him in any way as far as his career's concerned?

He leans forward confidentially. "Being the son of Premnath is an advantage in certain respects and a disadvantage in others. Obviously, since you're the son of a famous man, you're already known within the Industry. You don't have to struggle to make a name for yourself. On the other hand, after I'd done a couple of films, I discovered that there were at least two or three big producers who wanted to take me in their films but were reluctant because they were scared that I'd throw tantrums, shout, 'Out, you bastard,' misbehave, act too big for my boots—(merely because I was Premnath's son), all of which anybody who knows me would discount as utterly ridiculous."

"And I don't believe in taking my father's help to forward my career, either. When I was just starting out, my father (like every other father, naturally) would have definitely helped me if I'd

Continued on page 31

MAKE YOUR GARDEN GROW

An introduction to the art of kitchen gardening and the pleasures of growing your own vegetables —1

Modern man is drifting away from nature. Confined to concrete enclosures and multi-storeyed apartments in a metropolis, he craves for something natural around him. There is nothing like cultivating a small garden in your flat to enjoy some greenery. Kitchen gardening is a delightful hobby which is physically rewarding and mentally satisfying. Besides the pleasure derived from eating fresh vegetables grown in one's own garden, a well-planned kitchen garden goes a long way in bringing relief to the kitchen budget



B. M. Desai

ANCHORING THE PLANT



Before one takes up kitchen gardening one should know the various factors that contribute towards its success and acquire the resources to get the maximum results. These are:

- SOIL
- PLANT NUTRIENTS
- WATER
- HUMUS
- SUNLIGHT
- AIR
- TEMPERATURE

Let us see the role these factors play. Soil plays an important role in anchoring the plant, supporting the root system and providing nutrients which are present in the soil. There are various soil types. Here, we will classify them under three types only; heavy, medium and light.

Heavy soil is black soil with fine clay particles, highly water retentive and rich in plant nutrients. Medium or loamy soil is lighter in colour, ranging from light black to brownish yellow, soil particles are medium size with moderate water holding capacity, and moderately fertile. Light soil has bigger particles, poor water holding capacity, well drained, but poor in plant nutrients.

The ideal garden soil is the type that while it retains

adequate moisture it drains well and has a good reserve of plant nutrients. So the medium type of soil is best suited for kitchen gardening. Black soil, though rich in plant nutrients often causes problems because it is poorly drained and often becomes muddy, impairing root aeration and remains workable for long periods.

Soils deficient in plant nutrients can be corrected by application of nutrients from outside in the form of fertilizers and manures. Humus also plays an important role as it adds to the porosity and waterholding capacity of the soil. Humus promotes activities of beneficial soil microbes and adds to its fertility. Humus is added to the soil in the form of leafmould and farmyard manure, well rotted dung which turns black and powdery on curing. Major nutrients required for plant growth are Nitrogen, Phosphorus and Potash.

Nitrogen (N) helps growth of the plant and gives green colour to the foliage. However, excess of this may be harmful as it promotes too much growth and often makes the plant more susceptible to diseases. Nitrogen is applied to the soil in the form of fertilizers like ammonium sulphate, urea, etc.

Terrace Garden Courtesy Mr. Kanjibhai Gordhandas
Photographs : Sanil

Make my Cottage— your destination



A multitude of handcrafted wonders I bring. From artisans who work only for me. A harmony of classic and contemporary designs.

Ivory. Brass. Wood. Silver. Papier-Mache. Carpets. Saris. Ready-to-wear. Table Linen. Jewellery. Leatherware. Accessories. And much, much more—to whinny you over.

Pull up at my Cottage—soon.



Exclusive, not expensive

Cottage Industries

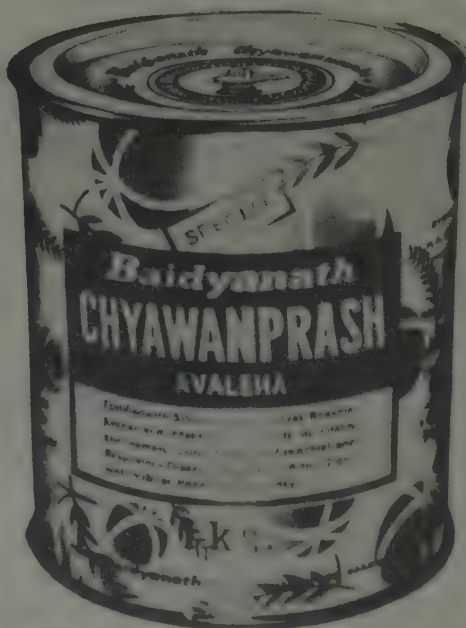
Just a gallop from the Gateway

Shilpi-CI 2 80



**Enliven
your mind and body**

Baidyanath CHYAWANPRASH



- Rich in natural Vitamin C
- Prevents cold and cough
- Effective in Calcium deficiency and anaemia
- Protects against stress and strain
- Restores youthful vitality
- Gives strength and stamina
- Helpful in constipation, acidity and indigestion

Baidyanath manufactures over 700 Ayurvedic medicines in 5 well-equipped modern factories, and exports.

Baidyanath Ayurvedic medicines, distributed through 800 Sales Centres and 60,000 Dealers are available at every corner of India and abroad.

Free spoon with large pack



SHREE **Baidyanath** AYURVED BHAWAN LIMITED
Calcutta • Patna • Jhansi • Nagpur • Allahabad

An Ayurvedic tonic for the family

A MATTER OF DESTINY

Continued from page 31

Lighting a cigarette with slightly unsteady fingers, he said, "It will, and there's no use denying it. We don't have any control over it."

Tremulously pleading the folds of her skirt, Reena said emphatically, "That is exactly what I came here to disprove. Look, you don't have to spare my feelings. I know it started as a harmless flirtation, though later on maybe you did find me intriguing and ... well ... different..."

Here she stopped, seeing the widening of his eyes as a tribute to her perception, and pain clouded her features before she continued. "And I may as well tell you that I too had no intentions of getting seriously involved — too many complications — but does one have any control over the way one feels? As soon as I admitted my feelings towards you, whatever had set me apart from the other girls was no longer there. I too was the same. When you knew I was easily accessible, you lost interest. But you weren't the type to throw aside carelessly a woman even you admitted loved you very much. Besides, the physical attraction was too great. Hence the continued trips to meet me, to assure me that I was wasting my time, were in reality attempts to reassure yourself. You see, you could not believe that somebody could care for you for yourself only, and not for all this." She waved her arm to embrace the luxurious splendour of his home.

"That was why I threw aside convention and came here to you. I seem to have convinced myself that you are my destiny..." With a wry smile she made a self-disparaging gesture. Then once more she spoke, her voice mingling with the velvety softness of the night. "My deep-rooted prudery will not allow me to become your mistress — but I offer you something you need above everything else — friendship."

He was silent for a long time, and when he spoke his voice was low and husky with emotion. "My dear, what can I say, I don't deserve such selfless love. I cannot let you waste your life on me. It's hopeless, I can never marry you. A fifteen years' difference in our ages is not to be taken lightly. You are young and idealistic but not practical. Do not think that experience

has made my views on life jaded, but one day you'll realize I am right. Go back, Reena, go back to the people who love you and will protect you."

"I'm staying here," she stated simply.

He saw the determined expression on her face and knew he was defeated. "But how can you stay here? I would find you too much of a ... of a ... of a ..." "Strain on your senses?"

chairs and the unexpected couch at one end.

Seeing her surprised gaze dwell longest on this, Sanjiv said, "Often, on days when work piles up intolerably, I spend hours in the study. And when I feel the need for some rest, I use the couch."

She was silent, her eyes noting for the first time the lines of weariness and fatigue around his eyes and mouth. "Are you

MAKE YOUR GARDEN GROW

Phosphorus (P) promotes root growth, helps in the development of fruits and seeds and also controls maturity. It is applied in the form of super-phosphate.

Potash (K) is required to maintain the general health of the plant. It helps the formation of starch and sugars in the plant. Potash is applied in the form of muriate of potash. There are mixed fertilizers like Suphala which have different percentages of N,P,K. indicated on the package.

Other nutrients required in small quantities are calcium, magnesium, sulphur, boron and iron, called minor elements. Also required in minor quantities are zinc, molybdenum and manganese, called trace elements. The minor and the trace elements are normally present in the soil in adequate quantities and very rarely need supplementing.

Water plays a major role in plant growth and other metabolic activities. It acts as a carrier of the nutrients dissolved in it. Nutrients enter the plants through the root system and reach different parts of the plant to take parts in various metabolic activities. Water also keeps the plant turgid. It is held in the soil in various ways. Soil particles imbibe water and retain a thin film of it around them called surface tension water. Water is also retained in small capillaries which are formed due to space left in between the soil particles. All the above forms of water are made available to the plant, and it moves up by capillary action. When there is excess water it moves down to lower soil levels and forms the water table. This water may move away.

Sunlight is essential for photosynthesis and so the many metabolic activities of the plant. In its absence flowering and the yield of fruit are often adversely affected.

Air supplies oxygen for breathing and CO_2 for photosynthesis by green leaves and stems. In water-logged soils, breathing by the roots is often checked and the plant succumbs to physiological and pathological diseases.

Temperature often becomes a limiting factor for seed germination, growth and flowering of the plant. Many plants have specific temperature requirements for their optimal growth and performance; hence they are grown at suitable seasons called kharif, rabi and summer respectively.

When your boss' most urgent letter impresses with its neatness



IT'S A COMPLIMENT TO YOU—AND TO KORES QUALITY.

Interplastic carbon is 50% more durable than any other carbon paper. It is specially suitable for electric typewriters. Gives extra sharp, clear and smudge-free impressions.

Permaklin silk ribbon gives you extra sharp and clear impressions.

Kores (India) Limited
Post Box No. 6558,
Bombay 400 018

Branches all over India.



Kores
Your guarantee of a good impression

Grant.52.79 (R)

she suggested, smiling slightly. "You'll get used to it, and besides, I won't be a distraction, I promise you!"

He was not going to yield easily. "What about your reputation? What will the people back home say?"

"Sanjiv," she said quietly. "The people who really matter know I could never do anything wrong. The others can just go to hell!"

It was on this note that they went back indoors. He took her over the house, showing her his study last, where he spent most of his free time. Her eyes took in the sober brown panelling of the room, the attractive desk crowded with papers and files and books, the comfortable

going back to the office now?" she asked.

"No," was the smiling reply. "I intend to use you as an excuse to indulge in the rare luxury of taking the rest of the evening off!"

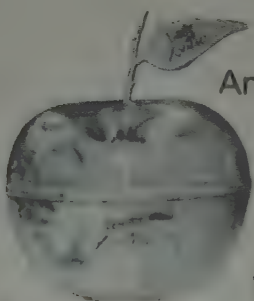
Just then, they were interrupted by a smiling middle-aged woman dressed neatly in brown and white, who asked Sanjiv if their guest required anything. He introduced her to Reena saying, "This tyrant rips me to shreds under the guise of being my housekeeper. Reena, meet Suma, of whom I am nevertheless quite fond." Reena encountered the smiling gaze of the housekeeper and instinctively knew she liked her.

To be continued



For every Eve,
a fitting
complement.

Lady Zodiac Panties!
Alluringly feminine! Delicate,
extra s-t-r-e-t-c-h panties
in new attractive prints.
And exciting colours. In super soft,
imported "Spandex", Polyester,
Nylon and Cotton blends.
Also in 100% cotton.



Lady **ZODIAC**
Panties

BANKS:

passports to self-reliance

Guru Swarup Srivastava

The International Year of the Child, under the auspices of UNICEF, focused its attention on the need to teach the young to be useful members of society and to develop individual ability. The banking industry, which constitutes the kingpin of development of a country, can be instrumental in helping to achieve this goal. They can provide the necessary resources for self-employment to rural youth and thereby arrest the migration to the cities. Banks can help destitute women by providing them with some vocation and thereby help them to bring up their children. Banks can also help uplift mentally retarded children who have attained a certain degree of training and self-confidence.

The success of banking institutions lies in their ability to bring together existing economic resources and the manpower to yield fruitful results in the nation's development.

Under prevailing conditions, the core of banking policy should be financial assistance to needy women, deprived children, mentally and physically retarded ones, and rural youth. This policy can prove to be the remedy for the many economic and social ills of a developing nation like India. For this, the banking system in India needs to modify its lending policy and extend borrowing facilities to the vast mass of the poor and fashion the necessary instruments for the flow of credit to that section.

MODUS OPERANDI

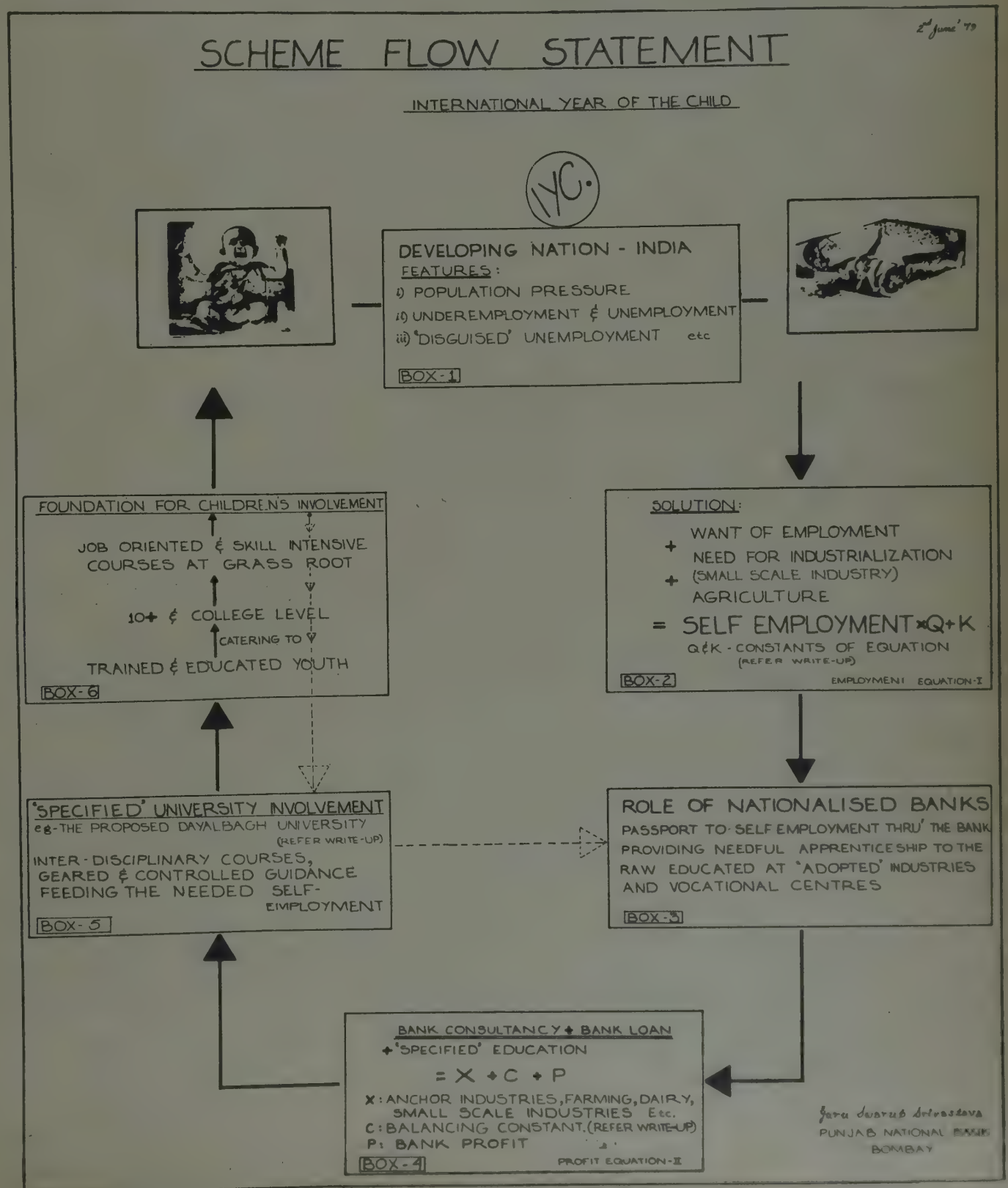
In the very first instance, the branch office (preferably run by a women staff) of a bank adopting the scheme should adopt women's welfare centres and mentally retarded children's training schools on a specific agreement. Depending upon its policy, the bank should select a definite quantum of women recommended by the women's centre and finalise after consultations the type of tiny industry, handicrafts like toy making, embroidery, etc., which need to be established. Then the bank must send those selected for necessary training in the relevant field.

Mentally retarded children who have acquired sufficient training in a vocation should also be given special training for manufacturing the items decided by the bank, the training centre and the welfare centre.

The bank will select the children who have attained a reasonable degree of confidence in

their craft. The trained women will be required to contact these children working at the training school. The head of the school will arrange for the two groups of ladies and of children to work together in the manufacturing of the product. Speaking on this at the inauguration of a workshop of mentally retarded children,

Sister Breganza of the Sophia College, Bombay, said, "Really, there is need for the bank's co-ordination and cooperation with the training school for mentally retarded children in the socio-economic developmental task. An institution failing to undertake such a task will be incompatible with the spirit of the time."



BANKS : PASSPORTS TO SELF-RELIANCE

Later the bank should give a clean advance for the purchase of raw materials which will be hypothecated to the bank.

A small factory can be established in the premises of the centre adopted by the bank. The machinery may also be used by the centre for training its students.

The bank will also supervise the work of the women in the sale of the product. The bank staff will visit the site from time to time and guide them whenever necessary.

Out of the total monthly income, the bank will decide the percentage to be remitted towards the loan advanced at a very low rate of interest, the fee (varying from time to time) payable to the centre, and the amount to be distributed among



Mentally retarded children learning embroidery at a training centre started by Sophia Polytechnic, Bombay.

the working women and children of the unit.

Thus, banks will form the cornerstone of the integrated development of self-reliance and self-confidence among needy women and mentally retarded children.

In rural areas too, banks can intensify their involvement. They have to streamline the financial procedure for starting rural industries in the "adopted" village. The educated rural youth will contact banks through the bank's SSI or its agriculture field

officers. Then it would provide them the necessary training before extending any financial facility (detailed report to be submitted to the concerned department and ICSW).

Banks would thus create self-employment for rural youth and thereby stop the migration tendency which is motivated more by the push factor of the villages than by the pull factor of urban areas. If this is achieved, banks would play a key role in instilling into rural youth, pride and satisfaction, and they will be averse to migrate to urban areas where they are exploited by employers to the extent that they lose their identity and get psychologically alienated from their work.

Thus, by imparting necessary training before advancing any financial aid, banks will be guaranteeing the refund of the money they advance without asking for the usual security which is out of reach of the poor, the mentally retarded and physically handicapped. This will help enormously the future of a developing nation.

TOWARDS A CHILDREN'S THEATRE

The lights were dim. Children scampered around noisily as I groped around for a seat in the auditorium. The air was charged with expectation. The final rehearsal of the play was about to begin.

In the semi-darkness, I could faintly discern the outline of a petite woman gently guiding, cajoling and reminding each child about his or her part. The lights came on and I immediately recognised her. It was Sushma Seth.

Sushma needs no introduction. The lovable "chachi" of "Junoon" has carved a niche for herself in the theatre world. She has been actively involved with the stage for a long time and is a celebrity in Delhi.

Sushma recently held an eight-week Children's Creative Workshop at the Prithvi Theatre, Juhu. This was her first experimental workshop in Bombay and she found the response very encouraging.

The Children's Creative Workshop was initially started as a roof-top experiment in the summer of '73 to absorb and channelise the energies of a group of children during their summer vacation. It resulted in an exciting workshop and paved the way to a children's theatre.

Most children love acting and the success of theatre workshops for children highlights the need for a full time children's theatre

Such workshops are organised to train children in speech, mime, voice and movement. The children work on their costume, props and other equipment, and thus gain a lot of practical experience in mask-making, puppet lighting and various stage techniques.

The Children's Creative Theatre was formally registered and established in August '73. Since then workshops have been held every year from August to February. Plays are performed in English and Hindi to round off each workshop.

The play selected for the Bombay experimental workshop was "The Ungrateful Man" — a Panchatantra tale. Children in the age group of eight to fourteen years took part and gave a scintillating performance.

Sushma believes that such workshops contribute a great deal towards developing a child's personality. It encourages interaction and socialisation. Shy and withdrawn children come out of

their shells and gain more confidence. Creative dramatics is therapeutic for children with speech and adjustment problems. Such workshops offer the children an opportunity to relive familiar experiences and explore new ones. They learn more about life and people, they are introduced to cultural experiences.

What were the children's reactions?

"I used to feel shy to take part in school programmes. This workshop has given me a lot of confidence," said one bright-eyed youngster.

"I have got over my stage fright now," said another little one.

Indeed, the children did seem to have had an extra dose of confidence pumped into them. Recognition, publicity, especially the T.V. coverage, had done wonders to their egos.

A total of 11 plays have been performed by the CCT so far and it has about 132 children on its rolls. In August '78 The National School of Drama sponsored the

CCT workshop and three plays were staged. A convocation was held at which Mr. L. K. Advani former Union Minister for Information and Broadcasting, distributed certificates to the participants. The highlight of the show was the performance of rural children.

The main aim of such workshops is to establish a full time Children's Theatre. The idea is to inculcate in the child's mind a need for the theatre. This will in time give us artistes, technicians, choreographers and directors.

Children have the natural tendency to indulge in exhibitionism. Such workshops give them ample scope to project that side of their personality. Most of the children expressed a keen desire to become stage artistes in the future. Few however, wanted to be professionals. They preferred to take it up as a hobby. To the young performers, the workshop was like a vacation camp. They came from different localities and different schools and spent the eight weeks together. A family feeling prevailed and the cottage attached to the theatre added the homely touch. They all look forward eagerly to "Auntie's" next workshop.

Aruna Malliya

THE International Year of the Child makes one ponder on the necessity of having an International Year of the Mother. I know we have had one such Year of the Woman but not every woman is a Mother and, to be more specific, not every Mother breeds little devils!

In the present day life of extreme stress and strain, most tempers are frayed to almost the limit of insanity. Prices take leaps and bounds in joyful search of the sky every other week. Employers, however, look askance at employees who demand a wage increase ever and anon. Bread-winners do not necessarily wear trousers; the sari-clad and dress-clad have also bestirred themselves to augment the monthly income. Which brings me to those Mothers who have to cope with office and home, as well as those little Terrors.

I have a firebrand for a son with a do-it-now motto. Unfortunately, my husband was mistakenly born an Indian; he should, in reality, have been a Scot-smán, I keep telling him. He belongs to the school that believes in the maxim, "Little children should be seen and not heard." God, in His hurry to finish creation, forgot to tell my son about his father's views. The result is that our house closely resembles a battle-field when father and son are at home, with the appropriate roars and growls emanating as though from a full-blast-on stereo system. The Holy Terror enjoys his father's discomfiture to the full and goes wild with ecstasy each time he hits a sixer. This, needless to say, magnifies my headache and I join the fray, screaming for quiet. In the beginning, the neighbours turned out in full force to be eye-witnesses of a double murder, as they thought, but now even the stray dogs and cats don't pause to look into the matter.

To relieve some of the tension and to give a new direction to Menace's energy, I employed a maid-servant who had given long, loyal service in my mother's household when we were young. As I looked on her as the proverbial Nanny, I crossed my fingers and had high hopes of a roseate future.

The first week of her stay went by quietly and my son was too interested in her to take more than a cursory interest in the well-being of his father. But the interest began to pall until, one day, I came home to find the old woman in tears and no sign of my son, who had presumably

What we need is an International Year of the Mother wherein mothers are given leave of absence for as long as they want away from their offspring, says SHOBHANA C. NAIR

hidden at the sound of my arrival.

Investigating the case, her complaints began with the time he had returned from the nursery school and found her pounding rice. He decided to contribute his share of labour and promptly added a glass of water. When she angrily ordered him to stop he knocked down a basket of rice scattering the grains all over the floor.

While she was cleaning up this mess, he sportingly helped her to mix his milk by emptying the salt cellar into it. She clutched her hair frantically and sighed

for those days when my brothers and I had been such angelic little children.

The long and short of this was, she upped and left us and I have had to stay back at home to welcome the Menace from nursery school. Once he is home, he lends a helping hand to whatever is happening. "A-finger-in-every-pie-Dennis," I've nicknamed him. You cannot imagine how helpful he is, especially in the kitchen, which he feels is his home ground and best batting pitch. He climbs on stools and "washes" plates and glasses; I have already purchased a couple of dozen plates since he began walking and, at my last count just now, I have five intact.

He bustles to and fro busily. Whenever I turn away from the stove with a boiling hot pan in my hands, he will be standing an inch behind me, gazing at the back of my head. When we have guests and I hurriedly lay the table, 19 times out of 20, he will be seated astride his tricycle which will be parked across the doorway behind a partially-parted curtain. When he is reprimanded, his lips quiver, his eyes fill and he looks such an angel that I falter in my tirade and feel a perfect Monster.

The arrival of guests, whether friends or strangers, is like heralding a new wrestling bout bet-

ween Father and Son. Father glares at son and threatens to punish him once the guests depart, all this being done in silent pantomime, and when Son is within range, not so silent pinches. Sonny boy promptly bawls and announces, "DADDY PINCHED ME!"

One would think school would drain the energy out of him, but no, he comes back fresher each evening, with a long list of his misdemeanours tucked into his satchel from a long-suffering teacher. Which brings me to my point that there should be a Special International Year of the Mother wherein mothers are given leave of absence for as long as they want away from their offspring who should be under the care of voluntary welfare workers (because, these days even grandparents think twice about having grandchildren foisted onto them!).

When the little Terror at last calls it a day and goes to sleep I sit and dream of such a wonderful event happening to me, wherein I can laze, write, read, eat and sleep as I please without always having the feeling of being suspended topsy-turvy over a cliff-top. Mothers of the World, do, do stand up for your rights and demand such a Year before we all go crazy and become doddering wrecks!

THE HOLY TERROR

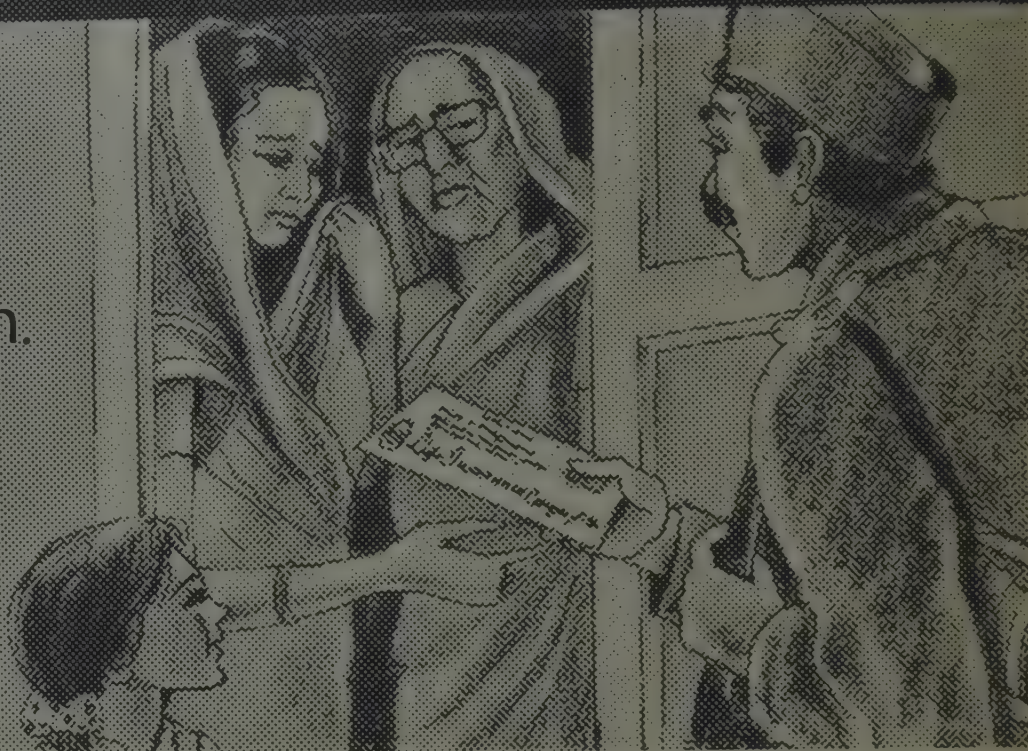


13 January 1979

This was a black day
for Lakshmi.

16 February 1979

She has hope and
financial security
to face life on her own.



9 December 1978

Vijay, a mechanic of Cochin, Kerala, paid the first quarterly premium on his life insurance policy for Rs. 5,000.

13 January 1979

Vijay died in a motor cycle accident leaving his wife Lakshmi and a little daughter.

20 January 1979

The death of Vijay was intimated to the Life Insurance Corporation. LIC issued the claim forms and the claimant filed the claim papers complete with all the required documents.

16 February 1979

The Trivandrum Divisional Office of LIC settled the claim and Lakshmi got the cheque. This was one out of 78,000 death claims settled for a total amount of Rs. 55.05 crores by LIC during 1978-79.

(This is a true-life-incident. But, for obvious reasons the actual names have been concealed)

LIC is constantly engaged in simplifying its procedures. For example, in the case of policies with sums assured of Rs. 5,000 and less, requirements of age proof, surety in the event of loss of policy bond, investigation of claims which are prima facie genuine etc. are often waived. Review of requirements is a continuous process especially keeping in mind the needs of small sum assured policyholders.

In most cases, the basic requirements for settlement of claims are:

- Death certificate from competent authority
- Policy bond
- Claim forms duly completed by nominee or title holder *(It will help if the policy bears the nomination in favour of the beneficiary).*

No claim is rejected except on the basis of detected fraud or material concealment.

A few cases of delay, however, do occur in spite of our best efforts. Any claimant who experiences delay in the processing of the claim (even after meeting the basic requirements) may please get in touch with the Officer-in-charge of the LIC Divisional Office where the claim is processed, who will be glad to help.



Life Insurance Corporation of India

A forum for young people to express their opinions, share news about their activities and get to know more about each other

It's no easy job co-ordinating the dramatic and vocal talents of thirty-two youngsters (all below 21) who have never been on the stage before. Yet, the initiative, enthusiasm and patience of Fr. Joe Pereira and young Kavita Sahni have made this possible in the successful pop opera, "The Rock"

"The main purpose of staging a 'rock' opera was to offer an opportunity to the youth to make the best of their talents through a medium that is appealing, and to put across an idea that would influence both the lives of the youth who would form the cast, as well as the people who attended the show," said Fr. Joe. Explaining the choice of the episode in the Gospel — Peter's encounter with Jesus — he said, "the theme had to be one of deep religious significance and value. Otherwise I could have attempted a totally secular opera like 'Tommy'."

Entrusted with the choreography, Kavita (23), who has been involved with the stage since she was 7 years old, and dancing since 1975, found working with raw talent, "a steep, uphill task, simply because everything had to be spelt out: . . . in fact, many times over. The cast was not aware of the amount of work involved. . . . they certainly weren't prepared for it." However, "working with them was quite an experience," she said, and added that "any experience is a learning experience, whether you are working with children, adolescents or adults."

Since Fr. Joe and Kavita are involved with music and dancing, these aspects were given more attention, with the best possible results. Why was the dramatic content underplayed? "In my choreography I tried to project the dramatic element. One of the things we had to contend with was that the script was the musical score in that at no point

did we have any dialogue as such to go on. The bridging of songs had to be done through dance sequences as well," replied Kavita.

In an opera based on the life of Peter one would have expected him to play a prominent part. His almost insignificant role seems like an outrageous dramatic flaw.

BACKSTAGE BACK-CHAT

While Fr. Joe had a religious explanation for it ("Theological dictum states that the Rock indeed was Christ"), Kavita said, "The adventures he got into are more exciting than he, so what's happening to him is more interesting than his reactions."

Turning next to the benefits the cast will derive from this exciting first experience of theatre work, Kavita commented, "They've learnt a lot, got used to situations with various obstacles, opposition. . ."

If the more talented among them go into bigger stage productions, she felt they would have to develop a more professional attitude.



Fr. Joe enumerated a number of benefits of immediate value for the youth like the need for responsibility, the value of hard work, inter-personal relationships and teamwork, and a great sense of identity as a group.

Would he attempt another opera? "Yes," he replied instantly, "Perhaps this November, another Biblical theme."

Would Kavita take on another musical? "Oh yes! Anything that has got to do with the stage in any form interests me. I will be there," was her exuberant reply.

For Kavita, who acknowledges that she is theatrically where she is today because of Pearl Padamsee, for Fr. Joe, who assigns his success to "Yoga" and EST, a technology of transformation, and for young Maryan Pereira and Andre who echo the sentiments of the cast that 'The Rock' has been a "super experience," this is only the beginning.

Mariana Pinto

IN GOLD WE TRUST

Continued from page 13

Indeed it was considered as good as gold since the U.S. had pledged to exchange one ounce of gold for 35 dollars. The Fort Knox vaults which house U.S. gold reserves, were well stocked, the economy was financially healthy, and the U.S. was justifiably confident. Recently, because of its unfortunate policy of deficit financing, or just printing more dollars when required, to finance the U.S. peace keeping troops abroad, 700 billion dollars are now in circulation outside U.S. shores.

Countries in possession of dollars could exchange their dollars for gold. As this posed a threat to U.S. gold reserves, in 1971, the U.S. government suspended its agreement for conversion of U.S. dollars into gold at the fixed rate of 35 dollars per ounce and let gold find its own market price according to the laws of supply and demand. The price of gold, which had been artificially suppressed until then at 35 dollars an ounce, soared. The oil rich West Asia, obsessed with gold, helped push up the price to unprecedented levels. The price of gold is now about 400 dollars an ounce.

SPECULATION IN GOLD

Gold mined in South Africa, the Soviet Union and other places is sold in either London or Zurich, the world's largest gold trading centres since the early 20th century. Here the price is fixed twice daily by currency traders, nicknamed gnomes, who take into account the sudden demand for gold, and the rise in speculative activity in gold trading.

The boom in gold prices, along with sharp fluctuations, have lured many — individuals, multinationals and governments — with the bait of easy money into future trading or speculation. At the commodity exchange markets in Chicago and Manhattan, speculators buy and sell gold without even seeing the metal. Currency traders all over the world match wits with the aid of long distance telephones and electronic screens that flash prices all over the globe. Millions of dollars worth of transactions in gold are conducted by future traders who sell what they do not possess to buy back later or vice versa, and profit from price fluctuations.

Forward trading in gold in India has been banned since 1962 to prevent speculative activity

from boosting the already high internal price of gold. The boom in international gold prices has very recently brought Indian and international gold prices almost on par with each other. Since the huge price differences have been whittled down, smuggling of gold into India has decreased.

While some people suggest gold can now be exported, bullion dealers do not consider this feasible yet, as when insurance and other delivery charges are taken into ac-

GOLD USAGE IN INDIA

The Arab fascination for Indian hand crafted gold jewellery is well known. Unfortunately, many Indian customers who find the price of gold prohibitive and can no longer afford the real thing, have taken to buying oxidised gold jewellery, or silver.

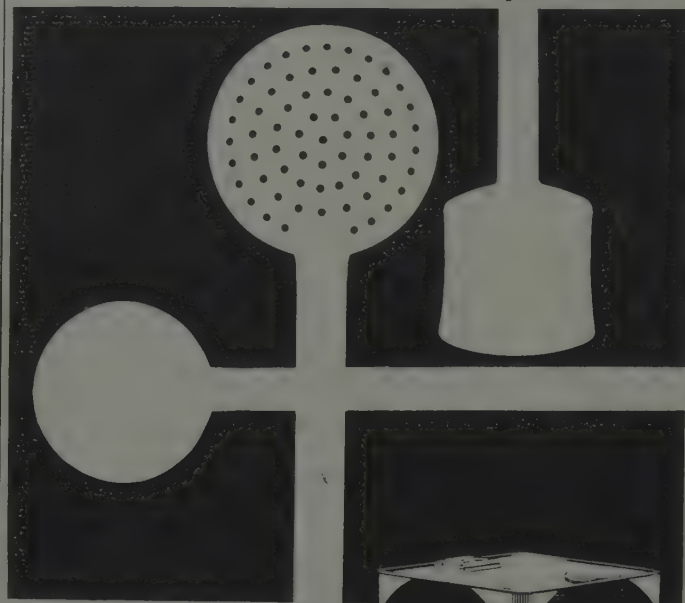
The high price of gold has also robbed traditionally festive Indian sarees of their lustrously opulent real gold zari work. The

parties have for centuries been acknowledged in India. In the South, new born babies used to be fed daily pinches of cream and squashed cooked rice, pressed and rubbed on a sovereign until the coin gradually disappeared with usage. Underlying the sometimes incomprehensible craze for gold, is the age old belief that gold is healthy for the body. Indeed, devout worshippers of gold claim that gold bangles worn for a length of time will weigh less than when they were first bought as the body absorbs gold. This ancient reasoning was responsible for the custom of covering exposed parts of the body (if one could afford it) with earrings, choker, bangles, rings, noserings and the gold belt around the waist which is still conspicuously worn in the South. Modern doctors have recognised the therapeutic value of gold, and now recommend the use of liquid gold injections for the treatment of acute arthritis.

Indians, it therefore seems, are justified in their craving for gold. According to Mr. B.S. Mahajan of Bala Appaji at Fort, who is an international jewellery designer of repute, controls like the Gold Control Act only have the dubious effect of impelling people to hoard and smuggle. These include politicians, and law makers who assiduously decry the Indian appetite for gold, because, according to them, India is a poor country, and so cannot, or should not, indulge in an expensive luxury like gold. This reasoning fails to consider the important and very evident fact that gold is a necessity, a way of life and, far from being a luxury, is an essential commodity for Indians.

In an uncertain world of change, gold has remained through thousands of years unchallenged as a repository of faith. Paper money, and shares, have value only as long as they do not depreciate in purchasing power, which possibility can become reality any time. Not so gold, which in a world of limited gold reserves — only 41,000 tonnes left to mined — can only appreciate.

POSTMAN The only cooking medium you need.



A good habit, a healthy habit

Cook, fry or deep fry.

POSTMAN

the healthy all purpose cooking medium

Ahmed Mills Bombay • Calcutta
• New Delhi • Bangalore • Ahmedabad

O.B.M. 4496R

JUST OUT!
The Postman
Cook Book

Features 150 tempting recipes for dishes and desserts—vegetarian and non-vegetarian. Lavishly illustrated in colour. Price: Rs. 40

Available at all book stores. Or send M.O. for Rs. 45 (this includes Rs. 5 for packing and forwarding) to: Ahmed Mills, Sitarum Bldg., Paltan Road, Bombay 400 002

count, the cost of the gold export, does not allow a satisfying margin of profit. With OPEC declaring further rise in crude prices, and the turmoil in Iran escalating, it is quite likely that gold will reach 500 dollars per ounce.

WEST ASIAN FASCINATION FOR GOLD

West Asian consumption of gold is believed to be about 500 tons annually. Of the 1000 tons of gold sold by the U.S. and the IMF in an attempt to strengthen the dollar. West Germany's Dresdner Bank is believed to have bought 500 tons of which a major portion was on behalf of Arab buyers who prefer their gold in 400,000-ounce bars, and cart it in chartered planes from Zurich.

gold now used is either "tested" gold which tarnishes easily, or plastic zari, which fools no one with its ungodly brightness. Gone are the days when one could melt old gold brocade saris for their gold content.

Apart from the aesthetic beauty of gold, its medicinal pro-

EQUIVALENT MEASURES

Standard gold = 24 carats = pure gold or 100 per cent gold = 24 parts of gold. 22 carat = 22 parts of gold and two parts of alloy = 97 per cent gold. 14 carat = 58 per cent gold.

Alloys can be copper, cadmium or silver.

1 sovereign = 8 grams

1 ounce = 31.1 grams

1 tonne = 32150 ounces

1 tola = 11.5 grams = 3/8 ounce.

KRISHNA MALLIK

DISTINGUISHED ACADEMIC

Kiran Khare

Simple and unassuming Mrs. Krishna Mallik, now holding a very responsible post as the Principal of Jagat Taran Girls Degree College, Allahabad, is a scholar, a teacher, a sportswoman a dramatist and a dancer.

A first class graduate Mrs. Mallik did her post-graduation in Geography from the University of Allahabad. She stood first in the department and second in the faculty of Arts thereby bagging the Chancellor's Silver Medal. After post-graduation she proceeded to Edinburgh to work for a post-graduate diploma from the University of Edinburgh on the subject "Population change in Scotland, 1921-61." She also took a special course in Urban Ecology in 1965, obtained her Masters degree in Social Sciences by working on the thesis "A Geographical Study of Social Welfare and Social Pathology in Edinburgh, 1961."

As a demonstrator in the University of Edinburgh from 1963-65, Mrs. Mallik also conducted seminar classes. As a fellow of the School of Oriental and African Studies, University of London, she delivered lectures on India for M.A. area studies during 1965-68, and was appointed examiner. She held a fellowship in the School of Oriental and African Studies, from 1965-1968. In order to pursue field work for a Ph.D. degree on "Hinterland boundaries of the urban centres of the Rohilkhand Division in Uttar Pradesh", she was granted study leave from the University of London. She also had the golden opportunity of working with Mr. J. B. Harrison, Reader, S.O.A.S., in his sociological studies of India.

"Teaching in foreign universities is a difficult job," observed Mrs. Mallik. The universities admitted the cream of the students and each class was a session of questions and discussions. The students came well prepared to hold such question and answer



sessions. She further stated that "we always like to follow the West but never their values. There is a great difference between their values and ours." She can well make a comparative study because on her return to India she was appointed lecturer in Geography at the University of Allahabad.

As a member of the staff in Edinburgh and London universities, Mrs. Mallik attended staff meetings and held discussions regarding various problems of the departments in which she worked. Now as Principal of Jagat Taran Girls Degree College, she interviews the lecturers, makes arrangements for holding classes and also takes classes in the subject of her choice, Geography.

In the field of sports, Mrs. Mallik was the District junior champion of her time and represented Uttar Pradesh and India at the National and the World Volleyball Championships held in Patiala and Moscow respectively.

Sincere by nature, Mrs. Mallik says she is first a house-wife and then a career woman. "I am very sincere in whatever I undertake. When I am in college I am involved with my work there, when I go home I concentrate on my house work and this sometimes tires me very much. But any way I like both my jobs and enjoy doing them," she said with a twinkle in her eyes.

Expressing her views on educated housewives with grown up children she felt that they should not waste their time in idle gossip. They should make an effort to do something creative and to help society with their talents. Lately the tendency is to ask for more and more. "It is always give us this, give us that without any reciprocal efforts from the side of those who ask," she stated. She

felt that people were very shallow in their thinking. People around her mostly talk about the latest fashions, recipes, behaviour of neighbours, or film stars, rather than discuss a book or talk on any serious or creative topic.

About her interest in drama she said, "It was always the main role for me in the dramas." In 1977 she bagged the Best Actress Award in a one-act play competition held in Bombay. The Bengali Social and Cultural Association held a show in aid of flood victims and they enacted the play "Shaara Raatir". Mrs. Mallik tackled one of the main parts successfully and drew great applause.

"I learnt dancing at a very young age and I took part in most of the school group dances or dances organised by the local clubs," she said.

Not only does Mrs. Mallik take part in cultural activities herself, but she also encourages her students to take part in such activities. They enacted a Sanskrit drama "Vikramavashiam" very successfully. She found the students willing, but they required proper guidance.

EVA LINDEMANN

THE DIPLOMATIC TOUCH

A traditional way of welcoming foreigners to India is by applying 'kum kum' to the forehead, and when this was done to Mrs. Eva Lindemann, Consul General of the Federal Republic of Germany, she was delighted. Mrs. Lindemann who has only recently taken up her new post, said that this was the second time 'kum kum' had been applied on her and she was touched by the warmth and love of the people who performed the ceremony.

The occasion this time was the inauguration ceremony of German Week organised jointly by



St. Xavier's College, Bombay and Max Mueller Bhavan. Mrs. Lindemann expressed the hope that this would further the growing understanding between the people and the governments of India and Germany. She praised the Max Mueller Bhavan and said that the organisation named after a great German Indologist and Sanskrit scholar, has been conducting a number of bilateral cultural activities, in addition to teaching and popularising the German language.

In the four months she has been in Bombay, Mrs. Lindemann has met a cross section of Bombayites and she says that she finds them full of warmth and affection as well as broad minded and advanced in their ideas. For example she doesn't have any problems dealing with men in senior posts in government or business institutions — they treat her as an equal.

She said too that she was delighted with the beautiful countryside around Bombay but was worried about the preservation of these beauty spots. India, as a developing country, had to industrialise but at the same time preservation and ecology ought to be considered.

Born in Berlin, Mrs. Lindemann did her doctorate in History, So-

ciology and International and State Law from Heidelberg University. She then went to the U.S.A as an exchange student and graduated from Smith College with a Master's degree in Political Science.

Having entered the Foreign Service of her country, she was first posted to the German Embassy in Dublin and subsequently to the Consulates in Geneva, Los Angeles and New York. She was also German Consul in Hong Kong.

One of her most interesting assignments, she said, was in the German Embassy in Moscow where she worked as Cultural Attache from 1975 to 1979. She found the work "exciting" as she had already worked in the field of Germany's cultural relations with East European Communist countries.

Based in Bombay, Mrs. Lindemann said she was overwhelmed by the city — by the towering blocks of flats, the modern hotels, the business activity, the number of cars on the road and, contrasting all this with the slums and chawls in which the city abounds, she said that Bombay was really "a unique city of the world."

B. K. Bhavsar

PAY NOW AND DO-IT-YOURSELF NEXT TIME

The Readers Digest has recently come up with what my friends say is a fantastic do-it-yourself book. I saw it and I think it's wonderful. When one reads the instructions, it all sounds so simple. I have however never mastered the do-it-yourself technique. It all started 25 years ago when, instead of listening to my parents and taking their advice, I decided myself and selected a girl as my life's partner. After this, I should have stopped doing it myself, but I didn't and thereby hangs a tale.

My dad once told me when I was 10 years old and I had opened out my tricycle, "John, there are some people who can, and others who just cannot and I am afraid you belong to the later category."

I think of my father's words whenever I sit on the chair I made and it wobbles. One look at the curtain rod hanging at an angle, and the bathroom tap dripping drop by drop, and I consider these a constant rebuke to my inability to fix them. In whichever room I go, there is something or the other rebuking me — the dented wall, my mother-in-law's picture at an angle, the mincer with the broken clamp, or the front door that has to be banged shut.

Even my body system has accepted the fact that I not only cannot do it, but I must not even try. If not, why do I suffer from a headache when I see a screwdriver, or why do I feel sleepy when I am given a paint brush?

The worst part of it all is the fact that my pot-bellied neighbour is the answer to my wife's prayer for a do-it-yourself man. He can fix anything. The fact that he can even fix himself some beautiful blondes is neither here nor there.

Goodness knows I try, but how come the bloke next door hits a nail into the wall at his first attempt? When I do it, half the plaster falls off or the nails fly off to the floor. Sometimes the nails bend into my thumb. I have so many marks of the screwdriver on my left hand fingers. During the last cricket Test our T.V. went off during a very crucial stage — we were giving the Pakistanis a hiding.

My young son sighed, and his friends looked at me as if to say, "If you can do anything Uncle, do it now." In a jiffy out came my screwdriver and I made a brave attempt to look for loose valves and connections, pressed every socket under the disbelieving eyes of the wife. I then joined two loose wires with an air of satisfaction, mumbled some electronic jargon and then gave the T.V. set a gentle tap, remembering my dad's radio that came on only when it was given a vigorous shake. The T.V. suddenly came to life. I had fixed it good and proper. Only we saw the Test with the players visible only from their trousers downwards.

I am always fixing my wife's shoe straps. What the cobbler can do, I can do better I like to think, but I realised a little too late that I was wrong. I saw her limp back from the communion rails dragging her shoe, with a stare that could put fear in Ayatollah Khomeini.

I could never do-it-myself even in school with problems such as "If A can fill a tub with water in 3 hours using a bucket with a capacity of one and a half gallons and B takes 2 hours using a bucket holding 2 gallons, how long would C take if he had a bucket holding just 1 gallon?" I could never finish the sum because the way I did it, it seemed as if C's bucket had a hole in it.

Honey, I belong to the tribe of ungifted folk who don't know why one needs two wires to carry an electric current when it would be more economical to use just one, or why one needs expensive brass taps to shut off the water when there isn't any water in the first place.

I am a real original never-do-it-yourself man, and God's gift to my neighbour. How else could he show off to my wife?
Until next time then.

Quiz: NEW SERIES

No. 9

"HEGMAN"

1. On what date did the President, Mr. N. Sanjeeva Reddy, address the joint session of the new Lok Sabha and Rajya Sabha this year?
2. Name the famous historical character who, comic strip character Obelix insists, had a cute and pretty nose.
3. Name the eminent pop musician who was arrested in Japan on a drugs possession charge recently.
4. Which Shakespearean play begins with the lines "If music be the food of love, play on, give me surfeit of it"?
5. On February 12, 1809, two eminent people were born — one, the scientist who changed the concept of life, the other an American statesman associated with peace and kindness. Name them.
6. What facial characteristic was common to Darwin, Tennyson, Lincoln, W. G. Grace and Charles Dickens?
7. Name the daring Pune youth who spent 72 hours locked up with 72 venomous snakes, thus creating a record.
8. Name the famous French impressionist painter best known for his drawings of ballet dancers.
9. UNIDO III was held in New Delhi, India. In which country was UNIDO II held?
10. Name the Kerala director who made "Kumatty", the children's film which was shown at the Bangalore film festival.
11. Mrs. and Mr. S. N. Sinha, Mrs. and Mr. Charan Singh are two of the three couples elected to the 7th Lok Sabha. Name the third couple.
12. If 1979 was the International Year of the Child, which year was Human Rights Year?

This is the ninth Quiz contest with a prize of Rs. 200 for the reader who sends an all-correct solution. If more than one do so, the prize money will be divided between them. The deadline for the answers is February 28, 1980. Every entry must be accompanied by a cutting of this column.

Mmm...marvellous
qualitywise
shadewise

Lady touch



LIPSTICK
NAIL ENAMEL

VISHAL/M/102



Bless the bride
on her wedding day
with a Gift
she will always cherish
PEARL
Stainless Steel Tableware



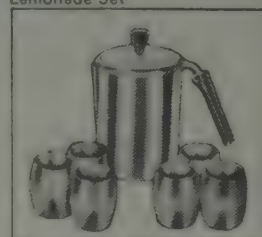
Tea Set Deluxe



Cutlery



Lemonade Set



She will remember you for it
every day of her wedded life.
And thank you for your
thoughtfulness in choosing
something she cannot do without.
The good old folks, the young ones.

PEARL stainless steelware is so
durable, so easily cleanable

PEARL METAL WORKS

20, 2nd, Bunder Road, Bombay 20



Available at all leading stores.

PMW-28

FEEL THE EXCITING
DIFFERENCE
OF A
PERFECT FIT
WITH

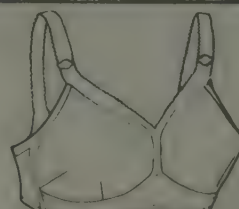
Veulex[®]
BRASSIERES



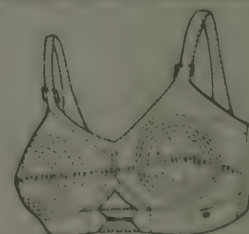
SWEET DREAM
EMBOSSED CUPS - WITHOUT
any stitch in between Cups
and sides-Sponge-Dual Purpose
either Front or Back open

DREAM GIRL
Fine Poplin—Elastic Shoulder
Strap-U Shape

CHARMIS
Fine Poplin - Circular Stitch
in Cups - Centre Elastic Insert
in Band for finest grip U Back



DREAM GIRL



CHARMIS

MANUFACTURED BY
KAMAL BRASSIER'S MFG. CO.

215, GULSHAN TALKIES BOMBAY 400 004 PHONE: 360643

Continued from Page 30

one to him and asked for his assistance. But unlike other sons in the Film Industry today (whose names I won't mention), whose famous fathers are going all out to give them the biggest break possible, I was determined to make it on my own. The way my uncle Raj Kapoor did. He never asked Prithviraj for help. He made his first film, 'Aag', entirely on his own. He had to struggle to get finance for each tin of raw stock — at one stage he even borrowed money from his servant. But he made it under his own steam. I want to be like that.

"For my first film, 'Jaan Haazri Hai', which was the story of a father and son (I was playing the son), I could have easily cashed in on my father's popularity as one of the top character artistes in India today, and asked him to do the father's role. But I didn't.

"Today, for the first time in five years, my father and I are doing a film together — 'Videsh' — where I play the hero and he's the villain. And today my father's very proud of the fact that I managed to make it to where I am without any help for him."

Premnath's all-embracing religious eclecticism and strong spiritual fervour has deeply influenced both his sons. ("We've been taught right from childhood to believe first in God, then in religions. To us, all religions are equal.

"I remember my father telling me, 'Son, when you find the right girl bring her to me for my blessings.' And that's what I did. My father was like a guest at my wedding. He came, did his duty as a father and departed. I made all the arrangements for the whole thing myself — ceremony, reception, honeymoon, etc. and paid for it with what little money I had earned from my first few films."

ANSWERS TO EVE'S WEEKLY QUIZ NO. 8.

1. Colombo, Sri Lanka
2. Simone de Beauvoir
3. 'The Sea Wolves'
4. Mr. Jayaprakash Narayan
5. Fresco
6. Miss Maniben Kara
7. Blue and White
8. Mrs. Vijayalaxmi Pandit
9. It is a floating instrument for measuring specific gravities of liquids.
10. Abyssinia, later Ethiopia
11. Casals — cello (actually violin-cello), Menubin — violin, Chopin — piano, Segavia — guitar
12. George Orwell

The prize money of Rs. 200 will be divided between three readers who have sent in all-correct solutions.

FRANKLY SPEAKING

Devi

A WEDDING TO REMEMBER

Some four days before the wedding I had no invitation card. In fact, Chintu had kept a strict vigilance that out of some 50,000 cards not a single one reached me even by accident. But I believe in miracles. Two days later I was loaded with the invitation cards, plus invitations for the exclusive, informal dinners that preceded the marriage. On the wedding night itself, I was the second last guest to leave. Sanjeev was the last man holding on to the field at 6.30 a.m. on the lawns of the R.K. house with Raj Kapoor. When I left, they were sitting like frozen statues, burning themselves out at both ends. . .

The miracle was, incidentally, my pen which can turn a cold war into a love story. A letter to Chintu with copies to Raj and Krishna did the trick. There was no question of apology or regrets. I am never sorry, nor regret a word of what I write; it was an essay on relationship, and my relationship with Raj is above likes, dislikes or mere friendship. And I had a right (emotionally) to Raj Kapoor's son's wedding. When Munni Dhawan, my friend and an authority on Krishna, suggested a hush-hush meeting, saying, "Just hug Chintu and say sorry, and no one will ever know about the meeting," I said, 'I am never sorry for what I write, nor do I ever regret it, and I am not a rat to have a hush-hush meeting.'

So in the blaze of high noon I sent in the letters and managed a Chintu to come out and escort me in, got the whole house out of beds, and Raj said after the letters he has fallen in love with me (all over again, I suppose).

Wine and music flowed. Garam khana was available night and day. A Raj Kapoor function is bigger than any V.I.P. one. So the sitaron ki barat got dimmed out by the R. K. hospitality — from Sheriff Dilip Kumar down to Dheeraj Kumar and the Consulor Corps, Mantralaya.



Chintu-Neetu looked like what they look in their film weddings. Krishna was cool in an ice pink garara, and Devrani Babita, Rita, Rima were all dressed in sidha sarees, and Dimple was hiding behind bushes, not that she looked pretty enough for an assault. Raj-esh had all the Sardarjis from Amritsar to Koliwada around him. That reminds me. At the wedding I wondered from where Neetu managed so many Sardarjis for the Milni. I suspect it was the same Sardarji with different turbans all along, doing the Milni with the Kapoors.

And Zarine (minus Sanjay) and Zeenat were within scratching distance, Zarine announcing loudly that "she is a fighter." So I suggest now she take on Muhammad Ali.

And to me the six-day hangama was but one man — Raj Kapoor sitting out on the lawn, littered with cigarette butts and napkins. The mela was over, and he carried the blue grief in his eyes that it was over. The marriage proved contagious. The Chinese food caterer of Raj, Vijay of Pune, who had come all the way from there, rushed back to Pune after the first round of hot consomme soup. He was getting married the next morning and Raj Kapoor was motoring down for the wedding.

BOMBAY

Mr. Sadiq Ali, Governor of Maharashtra, inaugurated the Festival of Crafts jointly organised by the All India Handicrafts Board and the Shilpi Kendra, at the Jehangir Art Gallery.

Addressing the gathering, Mrs. Thrity Taleyarkhan, Chairman of the Kendra, said that the Kendra has been helping to revive crafts that were dying or had gone into oblivion. The Governor lauded the work done by the Kendra.

Four States were represented at the Festival. On display among other handicrafts were colourful dolls and lac bangles from Haryana; bell metal, wood, shell and sholapith items from West Bengal; Madhubani paintings, sikki grass and clay articles from Bihar; bronzes, wood carvings and shell work from Tamil Nadu.

On the occasion craftsmen and women from rural areas gave a demonstration of their skills.

A glittering Fashion Fare with music and dance and a Tiny-Tots Personality Contest were organised by the Social Welfare Board for South Bombay at the Birla Matushri Sabhagar. More than 100 children participated in the programme and displayed their talents, their personality and their outfits. Mrs. Jaya Bachchan was the chief guest. Cine artists Mehmood and Master Rajoo graced the function. The various shows were compered by Amin Sayani and Ronni Screwalla.

Indian Fine Arts held an exposition of the photographic child study, "The Littlest Charmer" in aid of the Children's Orthopaedic Hospital, Mahalakshmi. O. Jos Thottan, India's first children's film producer, director and cameraman, photographed

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

the study and two year old Master Fateh from Muscat an in-patient of the hospital, unveiled the photograph.

DELHI

The Interline Club of Delhi held its annual ball at Oberoi International recently. The highlight of the function was the "Miss Interline" contest. Honey Harbans Singh of British Airways was the winner and Madhubala Ahluwalia and Anuradha Tarafdar of Indian Airlines were the runners-up. Captain J. Oberoi of Indian Airlines was the chief guest.

CALCUTTA

The Madura Coats Thread Group held a display of exquisite embroidery, called "The Finest in Embroidery" at the Park Hotel. 300 of the prize winning entries of their All India Anchor Embroidery Contest illustrated how the needle creates a new dimension of beauty on cloth and how versatile a medium it can be. The entries numbered about 10,000 from all over India.

One of the most meaningful International Year of the Child celebrations held in Calcutta was that of the entertainment and tea put up by the Children's Welfare



1



2



1. Seen at the "Festival of Crafts" at the Jehangir Art Gallery are Chief Guest Mr. Sadiq Ali, Governor, flanked by Mrs. Thrity Taleyarkhan, Chairman, and Mr. R. K. Dhawan of the All-India Handicrafts Board, Delhi. Third from left is Mr. H. H. Ismail, Vice-Chairman, Shilpi Kendra.

2. As part of the golden jubilee celebrations of British Airways, an X'mas party was organised by Mr. S. M. Iyer, Dt. Sales Mgr., Central India, for the children of the Children's Orthopaedic Centre in Bombay.

3. Air Marshal Balwant Chauhan, Mrs. C. Narain, Mrs. D. Chauhan (partly seen) and Mr. Govind Narain, Governor of Karnataka, are seen at the benefit dance recital organised by the Indian Air Force Wives' Welfare Association in Bangalore.

Home of the All Women's Union at Rabindra Sadan. 200 orphans, and deserted children entertained 800 children from 17 orphanages in and around the city to a Tagore music drama and dances from India.

Mrs. Romola Sinha, President of the All Bengal Women's Union, welcomed the young guests and Mrs. Aloka Mitra, Secretary in charge of the Children's Home, thanked Mrs. Urmila Kanoria, the sponsor of the show, and the directors of the programme, Kajal Mukherjee and Sandip Banerjee.

LUCKNOW

A two-week state-wide holiday camp was organised for scouts and guides under the auspices of the Central Social Welfare Board, U.P. Participants received training in scout craft, health, hygiene, handicrafts and traffic control. Dr. (Miss) Kanchenlata Sabbarwal inaugurated the camp.

CARDIN'S 'BLACK BEAUTY'

Phyllis Mendes is one of the great success stories of our time. Although her talents were unrecognized in India she made it big on the fashion scene in Paris.

It was Jeannie Naoroji, the model co-ordinator, who first spotted this tall dusky girl and encouraged her to go to Paris — the mecca of High Fashion. She was the first dark model there.

Her enthusiasm, hard work and professionalism have made her Pierre Cardin's model for six years and Revillon's model for their fur collection nine years in succession. Phyllis, or Anjali, as she is known in Europe, has modelled for Guy La Roche, Givenchy, Schiaparelli, Jacques Estral, Hana Mori and many others.



Phyllis Mendes demonstrates before some of India's well-known models at a press conference at Hotel Oberoi Towers.



4. Mrs. Nargis Dutt inaugurated an exhibition of hand-printed sarees and salwar-kameez sets held by Mrs. Nalini Sharma at the Aakar Art Gallery in Bombay recently.

5. Capt. J. Oberoi of Indian Airlines seen with the winner and runner-up of the Miss Interline Contest in Delhi.

6. Mrs. Shashi Choudhary (ext. right) who is in charge of the Woman's World Clinic in Hyderabad is seen at the inaugural function with some guests.



5



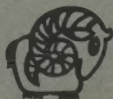
6

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY:

Family problems that have worried you should clear during this year. You will have a lucky touch in most relationships. March/April there may be friction, but could have the effect of clearing a long-standing dispute. There is much luck in communication, particularly if your work is connected with writing or speaking or if you work as an agent. Short journeys, interviews and correspondence bring forth something useful and positive. If single, romance will come whilst on the move. There is much social activity throughout the year. Push hard at your worldly ambitions — don't be deterred by recent troubles. Be an opportunist, but not reckless, financially.

ARIES

(Mar. 22 — Apr. 20)



This week begins a new and fortunate trend in your affairs. Venus moving into Aries emphasises social life, romance, activities of family youngsters. Other planets moving through your sign shortly give your ambitions a boost.

TAURUS

(Apr. 21 — May 21)



Emotionally and in practical matters, a harmonious trend for you. In a few weeks' time you may take vigorous action to help your ambitions. However, this is not a week for hasty action or indulging a restless mood. Be inclined to let things simmer.

GEMINI

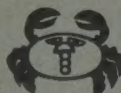
(May 22 — June 21)



Push ahead with confidence, be more adventurous. Luck is with you over quite a long period, favourable stars are especially active this week. Communicate in all areas of activity, be up on current trends, both for worldly considerations and if you wish to change your appearance.

CANCER

(June 22 — July 23)



A recent flirtation could become serious, but if this relationship has been problematical from the beginning, don't be in a hurry. You will soon have new chances to form happy and uncomplicated links. Fresh scenes and interests will be lucky for you.

LEO

(July 24 — Aug. 23)



Difficulties in personal life resolve themselves this week; people will be easier to handle. Business and personal relationships need tactful handling until the 19th. You will feel in the mood for change, yet undecided about several issues, so pad along and fit in where you can.

VIRGO

(Aug. 24 — Sept. 23)



Be adaptable, prepared for sudden changes. Cancelled arrangements, a broken promise could be temporarily irritating. People won't intend to let you down, will be more inclined to treat you as a leaning post! Most of your time may be taken in getting a new venture off the ground.

LIBRA

(Sept. 24 — Oct. 23)



Your love life and cash matters need care this week. You will find people a bit thoughtless, but you could be moody yourself. Use a cool head, for problems will be fleeting unless you let them build up over the next few weeks.

SCORPIO

(Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)



A busy week. You may start something new and make a success of it. New projects in the pipeline will flourish in the months ahead. If born after the 12th, a major change will probably accompany any successes you enjoy.

SAGITTARIUS

(Nov. 23 — Dec. 22)



You improve your prospects if you make the most of your chances. Enjoy yourself, but give time and thought to the mundane aspects of life. Romance and travel are linked, so keep on the move; accept invitations which take you into new surroundings.

CAPRICORN

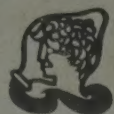
(Dec. 23 — Jan. 20)



You will have more cash in hand soon, though you may have enough now. You will have a minor windfall or a cash bonus out of the blue. This week, you may be spending heavily on home or business equipment which will have long-term value.

AQUARIUS

(Jan. 21 — Feb. 19)



Your situation may have been improving over the past few months. A special prize could come your way in the near future, something you have been working for over a long period. Continue to progress along positive lines; stay alert to opportunities.

PISCES

(Feb. 20 — Mar. 21)



You are in a busy period with both Mars and Saturn, in opposition to your sign. Jupiter is also in this position, so the advantage is with others for a time. Mercury in Pisces will add to the bustling atmosphere, bringing changes. However, the struggles are worthwhile.

HUMAN INTEREST STORY

Continued from page 23

cause they needed too much attention and caused a lot of inconvenience to her. Her sisters came and did the job of cutting her hair. Gradually, my mother became reconciled to the short hair. Soon the cumbersome saree was also discarded for a half-maxi and top. She was reluctant, but after a little persuasion, she gave in. But even today, she sometimes pleads, "Please give me a saree from my almirah, I have so many..."

By 1974 a wheelchair became a necessity for her. Almost all our relatives and friends visited her, but with time, people stopped coming very often and her mind too gave way as the disease attacked her brain. She developed illusions and nagged Papa saying, "Go to the door, Usha is outside," or "Sharda is knocking," or "Hannu has been ringing the doorbell for so long..." She sometimes felt that we were preventing her from meeting her sisters by not opening the door. Her childlike faith in those she loved was so deep rooted that she would never believe that in the fast world of today, people have no time for permanently bedridden, feeble minded invalids. Papa hoped, for her sake, that her loved ones would not allow her to feel unwanted and kept arranging get-togethers frequently, but it did not work.

He was a voracious reader, but could hardly find any time for his books with having to be constantly at mother's bedside to keep her company and anticipate her needs.

Then he applied his wide knowledge of human psychology to make her less dependent on others to mitigate her sense of loneliness and neglect. Slowly but steadily, she stopped craving for visitors. He taught her to live with her handicap, to ward off boredom, to derive joy from simple pleasure — a sunset or a song.

The physical deterioration is now being accompanied by mental collapse. She cannot remember anything which occurred even ten minutes ago, but events which took place before the onset of the disease are still fresh in her mind, including people, places and happenings, some of them more than forty years earlier.

She still believes that one day she will be normal. "Please keep my sarees properly... I will wear them when I get up," she says. Perhaps this faith sustains her and prevents her from becoming a total wreck.

Though she is only in her late fifties, the cruel hand of fate has crippled her with this termed spinal-cerebral disease degeneration of the bulbar type for which medical science has no cure as yet. Homoeopathy, Ayurveda, the ministrations of renowned spiritual healers, all these were tried, but to no avail.

In fact, in 1970 doctors had given her not more than six months to live. But she is still alive. The dedication of a husband nursing her with meticulous care, deep understanding, self-sacrifice and compassion has kept her alive. Between a husband and a wife there are many bonds, but how many can withstand, as my parents have the rigours of a test like this and yet emerge pure and steadfast, their love growing stronger over the slowly, sadly passing years?



CHRYSA

Wonderful that anything so useful can look so good!

A touch of glamour. A look of class. In a choice of sets and designs to suit your taste.

Chrysal is the name for beauty and utility in your home. We call it beauty ware. And it comes in a choice of combinations—you can proudly own one or more sets and keep building up your collection. Because once you own a set, you'll want to buy more.



Chrysal is styled with several coats of decorative inks to keep it looking good as new for years.

Chrysal is made from material specially selected for optimum thickness and temper so that each container, from the smallest to the largest, is built stronger to last longer.

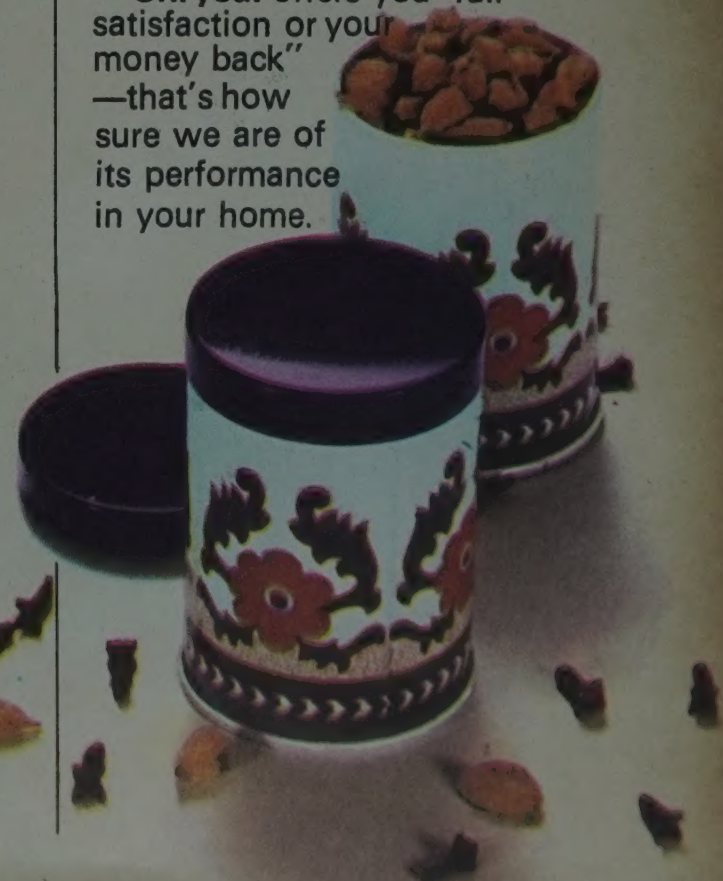
Chrysal containers come in sizes to suit your needs: 1 kg, 2 kg, 5 kg, and 10 kg. In addition, there are smart little spice cans, plus an attractive refreshment tray and cork-backed table mats to match.

Chrysal sets come complete with matching shelf-stickers and self-adhesive labels for your containers.

Chrysal is white-coated inside and topped with many layers of FDA approved, scratch-resistant lacquer so that it stays rustproof—

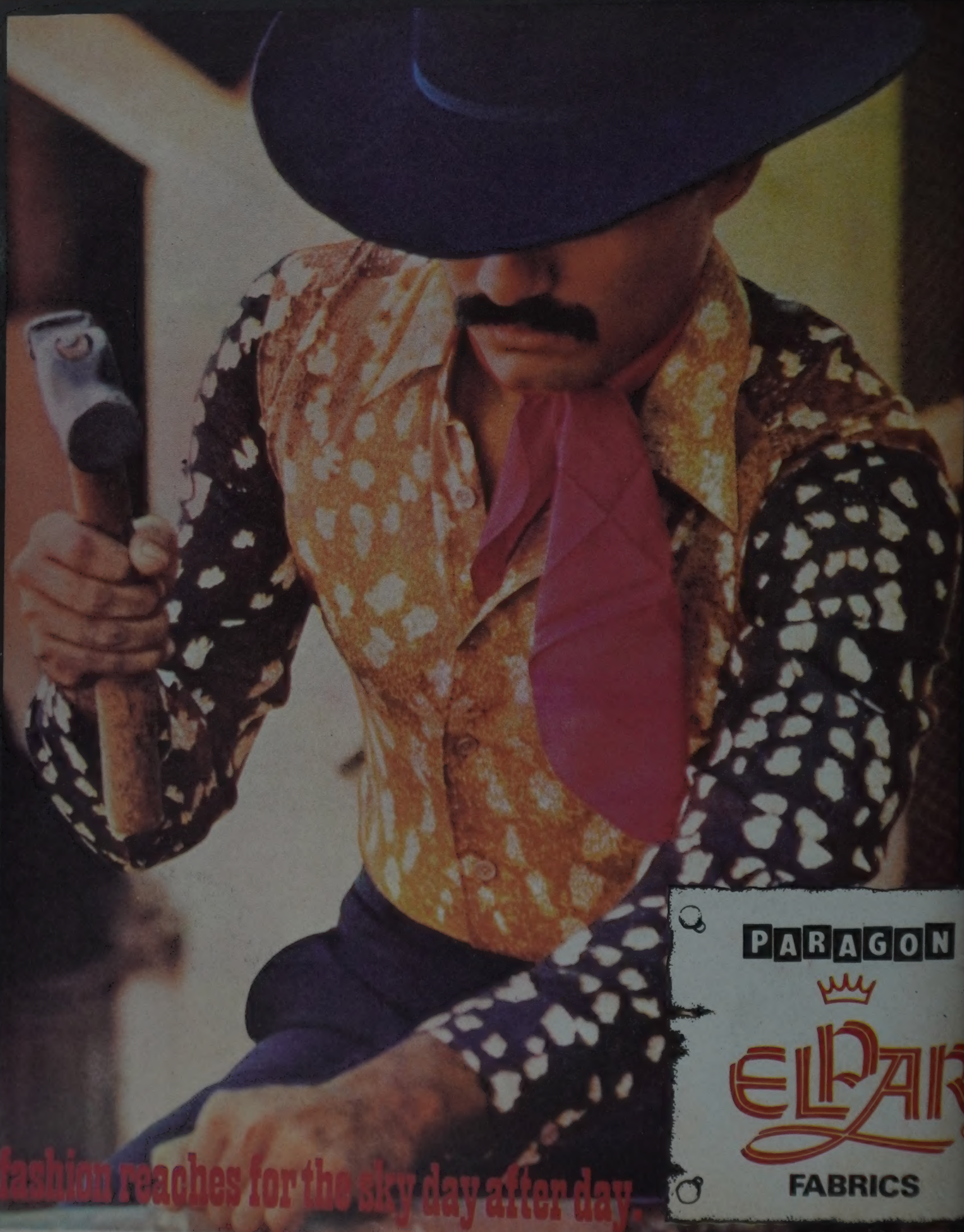
and your food stays fresh.

Chrysal offers you "full satisfaction or your money back"—that's how sure we are of its performance in your home.

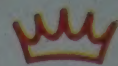


Chrysal beauty for your home from Metal Box.

FASHION'S ELDORADO. ELPA



PARAGON



ELPAR[®]

FABRICS

ere fashion reaches for the sky day after day.

Paragon Textile Mills Pvt. Ltd., Bombay 400 013.
Available at: Paragon Elpar Fabrics Retail Shop, Near Worli TV Centre, Bombay 400 013. And at all leading stores.

everest